THE
NATION

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THE MATURE BOHEMIANS . . *by Kenneth Rexroth*

WINTER BOOKS: Essays, Reviews, Poetry

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LETTER from VIENNA

By Helmut Bonheim

Vienna

TODAY, three months after the October revolution in Hungary, management of the refugee problem in Austria is less chaotic, but still difficult.

In a country of 8,000,000 where the average income is less than $80 a month, the dollar required every day for the care of one Hungarian refugee is a considerable financial drain. Hardly an Austrian has not given generously in clothing, food, drugs and money to help his unfortunate neighbors. This despite the antipathy many Austrians have felt toward the Hungarians for generations, and despite the fact that no very concerted long-range drive for help (in the American sense) was made. On a single Sunday millions of shillings were collected in the Vienna streets. A few hours after the radio issued a call for gasoline cans and whole blood, collection centers for both commodities had far more volunteers than could be used. For weeks one had to wait in lines at the post-office to make a donation.

The Austrian penchant for organization was put to the test by the 100,000 and more refugees who were received, processed, fed and clothed and then sent on to the West. More than 75,000 people are still being cared for, their records filed, their mail forwarded, etc. Numerous small organizations and private individuals are at work. The Children's Friendship Fund alone dresses 500 people a week and feeds 3,000 people a day, all with volunteer labor.

Of course there are many who are disgruntled—among Hungarians as well as Austrians. For one thing, Hungarian refugees of World War II, some of whom have been sitting in camps for ten years are jealous of *nouveau-riche* compatriots who are being so quickly transported to America without cost. And many Austrians feel that the real heroes of the revolution are still in Hungary, that one's duty to fatherland is irreconcilable with emigration, that the Hungarians were always troublemakers. Of course, the Hungarians themselves assert that the situation was so desperate that they could serve their country best by leaving it. It is true that many, with an envious eye to present developments in Poland, regret the revolution took the violent form it did. The reports now coming from Budapest of new suppression and tyranny and the continuing refusal of the West to give active support to the uprisings have rendered these reflections even more bitter.

The social problems created by the exodus are only now coming to light. A surprising number of refugees in Austria left their wives or husbands behind; and many are starting life virtually anew with new partners as well as new homes and occupations. Of course, the readjustments necessary add to the refugees' unsettled mood.

After arrival here, many refugees have nothing to do but wait. Many roam about Vienna, made conspicuous by their strange clothing, fur caps and language. Since it is irksome to see the people you have "saved" loll about all day in your favorite beer-cellar or coffee-house, the Austrian's first splurge of self-sacrificing helpfulness has dwindled. Now some critics are beginning to attack the Austrian authorities as well as the behavior of Hungarians. It is said that the common man's neighborly self-sacrifice in October and November is being belittled by the manner of the government's pleas for more foreign help—pleas made on the basis of a more desperate situation than actually exists. Yet the situation is serious enough; plans for managing the thousands of Hungarians who will stay here are still indefinite.

CERTAINLY dollars alone are no solution. Austria, like other countries in Europe, is critically short on housing for its own people. The birth rate has taken a plunge partly because a child is more a curse than a blessing where twelve years of postwar reconstruction have not yet managed to obliterate all the rubble. No amount of money can create adequate housing for the immigrants.

In this situation, the Austrians (and this includes the Americans resident here), do not find American generosity very impressive. Most European nations have made a point of welcoming the aged and the sick with open heart; the American practice of screening refugees appeared ungenerous.

And the problem of sending Communists to the United States is ticklish, too. The Austrians argue that the best way to "de-Communize" the refugees is to send them to America, where they will have opportunity to "learn better." Of

(Continued on Page 175)

HELMUT BONHEIM, on leave from the faculty of the University of Washington, is in Austria on a fellowship.

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

149 ●

ARTICLES

● Letter from Vienna (inside cover) by HELMUT BONHEIM

151 ● Steelworkers at the Polls by DAN WAKEFIELD

154 ● Love (a short story) by TIBOR DERY

WINTER BOOKS

159 ● San Francisco's Mature Bohemians by KENNETH REXROTH

160 ● Rooks (poem) by LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI

162 ● Poet of the New Violence by M. L. ROSENTHAL

163 ● Sirvente (poem) by PAUL BLACKBURN

164 ● Truth, Fate and the Historians by ABRAHAM EDEL

167 ● The American Novel in the Age of Conformity by LEWIS DABNEY

169 ● A History (poem) by STEPHEN STEPANCHEV

170 ● Mr. Eliot Regrets . . . by OSCAR CARGILL

172 ● Farmboy's Renaissance by GERALD SYKES

173 ● Lyric (poem) by GIL ORLOVITZ

174 ● Theatre by HAROLD CLURMAN

Crosword Puzzle (opp. 176) by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
B. H. Haggin, Music
Anne W. Langman, Television
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

Staff Contributors: W. Macmahon Ball, Carolus, Maxwell Geismar, Harvey O'Connor, Andrew Roth, Howard K. Smith, Dan Wakefield, Alexander Werth, H. H. Wilson.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1957
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

"They Don't Mean What They Say"

It would be exhilarating to find Washington the winner, just once, in a propaganda exchange with Moscow. The consistency with which we set the stage for the Soviets' most successful propaganda coups is a source of national embarrassment. With great fanfare, the Administration announces a new "doctrine" for the Middle East and hastily concludes an understanding with King Saud in a glare of publicity. Once Washington is publicly and irreversibly committed to an arms program in the area, the Soviets invite us to participate in a policy of: (a) non-interference in the internal affairs of the countries of the Middle East and respect for their sovereignty; (b) rejection of attempts to involve the Middle Eastern countries in military blocs; (c) refusal to deliver arms to countries in the area; and (d) economic aid without "any political, military or other conditions." Then, as though to give the Soviets an added advantage, the Administration promptly dismisses this proposal as "self-serving," while various Senators profess to be "bored" by it. Only one Senator is heard to observe that it is never a good policy to reject an offer—any offer—out of hand.

That the Soviets make "self-serving" proposals might, one would think, be taken for granted; nations have a habit of acting in their own interest. Nor is there much point in rejecting proposals on the ground that the Russians don't mean what they say as long as we make it impossible to test their sincerity. Perhaps what is needed is a Washington Workshop on how *not* to collaborate with Soviet propagandists. Sessions might be devoted to such propositions as: Never reject a proposal before it is received and don't walk out of a conference before it is called; also, don't commit yourself to a rigid course of action which on its face is certain to be unpopular, thereby giving your opposition a chance to exploit its unpopularity without risking a farthing of prestige, power or position.

Mr. Quarles' Quandary

Mr. Donald A. Quarles, Secretary of the Air Force, appearing on a recent *Meet the Press* program, skilfully beat down all attempts to make him admit that the Air Force will be virtually impotent as a striking force if it receives only the $17,700,000,000 allowed in this year's budget rather than the $21,000,000,000 he had originally requested. Mr. Quarles is an impressive TV witness—intelligent, frank, courteous—but he was painfully disconcerted by an off-the-subject question: what did he think of King Saud's insistence that no Americans of Jewish background should be stationed at the Dhahran base? Pressed for his personal view, he finally said that of course the policy was distasteful to him, but since it was part of the price demanded for the base, the Administration had no choice but to accept it. Query: would we have accepted any proviso, no matter how immoral it might be, as a condition to securing a renewal of the lease? Given the current fashion of subordinating moral and ethical considerations to "security" needs, it is hard to imagine a price that we would not have paid, provided the departure from the norms of American morality could be palmed off as the idiosyncrasy of some potentate with whom we were seeking to do business. As long as we adhere to the fallacy that moral and ethical considerations have no relevance to "security" questions—and just how much reliance can be placed in Saud as an ally?—the quandary that confronted Mr. Quarles will remain a source of national embarrassment.

Godsend

Critics of Mr. Dulles' latest explanation for the State Department's refusal to lift the ban on American newsmen apparently have failed to realize that the Chinese might have their own reasons for not releasing the ten Americans still held in Chinese prisons. If it is true, as Mr. Dulles suggests, that the department would be willing to take a "new look at the situation" if the American prisoners were to be released, why don't the Chinese release them? If the Chinese are so eager to entertain American newsmen or win entry into the U. N. or invite diplomatic recognition, as the Dulles hypothesis suggests, then Chou En-lai, by the scratch of a pen, might achieve an important objective.

Were the future of Sino-American relations actually dependent upon the release of the prisoners, Peking might well desire some more solid guarantee of performance than a casual promise to take "a new look at the situation." But the basic reason for Chou En-lai's

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failure to stretch a point to mollify American opinion probably lies elsewhere. One of the main drives of modern Asian revolutions is nationalism; in its aggravated form, anti-foreignism. Since the turn of the century, China has continued to fight "foreign devils": Germans, British, Japanese, Russians. It is anti-Americanism, of course, that the country's present rulers have harnessed as a revolutionary dynamic. In the early years of their tenure, they used this particular emotional drive to consolidate their hold over the nation. In the international sphere, they now profitably manipulate their purported hopes for "peaceful co-existence" and our own bristling anti-Chinese policy in a double finesse: to drive us not only from the various Asian nations who oppose our waging a cold war in Asia, but even from countries like Canada and Britain, who see us as having blundered into a political *cul-de-sac*.

Mr. Dulles may pretend that Peking is holding ten Americans in order to force Washington to grant passports to newsmen for travel in China. But China's Asia policy must be presumed to have rather ampler horizons than this explanation suggests. As long ago as November, 1954, the *Statesman* of Calcutta offered a different rationale:

> America's commitment in Formosa is morally the weakest point in her foreign policy and the strongest in Peking's. The American presence in Formosa has been a godsend. . . . Revolutions . . . have been traditionally dependent on threats from outside to provide those cohesive and energizing forces so necessary for their survival.

The "American threat to China" tends to rally the Chinese nation in support of the Communist regime, offers a major justification for the Sino-Soviet partnership and fosters division between the United States and pivotal countries such as India and Japan. Peking would not consider "godsend" too strong a term to describe such a contribution, and is probably less ardently desirous of our official esteem than is commonly believed.

Some Daughters Do Grow Up

At the Colorado Industrial School for Boys, in Golden, Colorado, the ladies of the Patriotic Education Committee of Denver's Daughters of the American Revolution were sponsoring a "patriotism pageant." All went well until the committee's presiding officer discovered that there were boys in the school who, although U. S.-born, were of Mexican descent, and that some of them might carry flags.

Not the American flag, said Mrs. Charlotte Rush. "I wouldn't want a Mexican to carry Old Glory—would you?"

But apparently some people would, for

. . the school superintendent announced abruptly that the parade had been cancelled "by mutual consent";

. . the Denver Post *found its switchboard swamped with protests;*

. . Governor McNichols said his phone started to ring at 6 A.M. the day after the report; he wrote the Denver D.A.R. regent that he was "deeply disturbed";

. . the Colorade House of Representatives approved a resolution asking McNichols to forbid the D.A.R. or other "discriminatory" groups to sponsor programs at state institutions;

. . and, perhaps most important, the chairman was suddenly without a committee.

Mrs. Rush issued an apology for her remark, uttered —she explained—"in an unguarded moment." The D.A.R. regent, asked whether Mrs. Rush had resigned, said crisply, "The office was vacated."

Even the D.A.R., apparently, grows—however slowly.

Arms and the Budget

It's budget, and tax, time again and once more the land echoes to the familiar chant: "cut government spending." But this year, by all accounts, the protests have reached flood proportions; the precincts back home are full of angry men and women who are clamoring for cuts in the budget. A well-documented sample of these protests, which appeared recently in the *Wall Street Journal,* reveals some curious facts. The only specific complaint levelled against the President as budget author is that he is a "welfare-stater." But the rise in non-defense or civilian spending broadly reflects the growth of established programs set by law—old-age assistance, for example—and such relatively uncontrollable items as interest on the public debt. Not one of the quotes from this sample of protests suggests that cuts might be made in military appropriations. It is as though most taxpayers had come to accept the proposition that defense spending is not subject to civilian control, review or veto.

Yet military spending is certain to increase unless the public demands that it be curtailed. The new weapons are infinitely more costly than the old and the rate of their obsolescence is accelerating. It cost $2,589,600,000 to construct the B-36 bombers which now, after eight years, are already obsolete; the new B-52s, costing twice as much, may be obsolete in four. With major arms cuts in the offing in Great Britain, is this country to become, literally, the "arsenal" of the Western world? If so, with what consequences in terms of future budgets?

The main reason why public protest is deflected from the military to the civilian side of the budget is of course, that the opposition political party wants even larger military appropriations. The majority report of the Senates' Armed Services subcommittee on the Air Force, with its recommendations for increased appropriations, is signed by Senators Symington, Jackson and Ervin, all Democrats; the mild minority report by Senator Saltonstall. As long as soaring arms appropriations are neglected as a political issue, the tax-

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protesters will concentrate their fury on the civilian side of the budget. But it is not in this direction that opportunities for cuts may be found; national-security spending, at $43.4 billion, makes up 60 per cent of all federal expenditures projected for fiscal 1958.

History Revisited

In Orwell's *1984* there is a frightening description of the official ministry which rewrites history, eliminating people and events that have become incompatible with the current line, inserting new ones when needed. It turns out that of all people, the compilers of *College Football and All-America Review* have seen fit to employ this technique, and subversive halfbacks are no longer safe. In the publication of Walter Camp's 1918 All-America team, there is listed a college player named Paul Robeson. But in the latest edition of *College Football and All-America Review* by Christy Walsh, there is no such name on the 1918 Walter Camp All-America team. There are, in fact, only ten players listed on that year's team. Yet in the 1934 edition of the book, there is Robeson with name and picture.

There seems to be after all a dustbin of history—even for halfbacks.

STEELWORKERS at the POLLS . . *by Dan Wakefield*

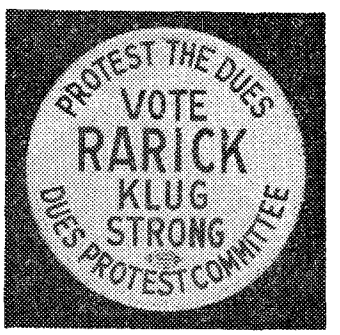
Pittsburgh

OUT OF the furnace rooms of the Irvin steelworks in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, and the nightmares of David J. McDonald, a $6,500-a-year millhand has come with a rank-and-file protest movement that produced the first opposition candidate for president in the history of the United Steelworkers and piled up a remarkable vote of support. Donald C. Rarick, leader of a dues-protest campaign to unseat the 54-year-old professional union president, McDonald, came from the obscurity of four months past with a $6,000 campaign for office financed by rank-and-file contributions and was polling over 30 per cent of the vote as returns were being totalled last week.

Union officials who had first predicted that Rarick wouldn't have enough support to get on the ballot were predicting on the eve of election that he "wouldn't get more than 10-15 per cent of the vote." To appreciate the feat of getting even that much it is necessary to realize that McDonald's organization had spent several million dollars to oppose the rebel, and exerted its gigantic pressures to the limit in attempting to stamp out the heresy.

It must also be understood that the votes are counted locally and sent to headquarters by men whose jobs depend on the outcome. In Chicago, district director Joe Germano reported that McDonald had won by 34,544 to 1,468. In this district Rarick had gotten 600 signatures of support on a petition in one local alone. When Rarick saw the returns from the district, he said that "We have more committee people working there than the votes Germano credits us with." Running for office in the Steelworkers is not like running for president of the 4-H Clubs.

The protest movement was born after the U.S.W. convention in Los



Angeles last September passed a resolution raising monthly dues of members from $3 to $5. Officers of the international had claimed that the growing union, which has added 350 locals since McDonald took presidential office in 1953 (for a present total of 2,750 locals and 1,200,000 men) needed the extra money to meet increasing costs of operation and the "ever-present danger of protracted strikes or lockouts." Secretary-Treasurer I. W. Abel told the convention that although the Steelworkers was not a "poverty-stricken organization" (it has a treasury of $21,000,000), it needed a $50,000,000 treasury in order to enjoy "a true feeling of security in the immediate years ahead."

As things turned out, the increase created anything but security in the internal order of the union. Many delegates who were sent to the convention by their locals to protest a hike in dues went home with bad news and bad feelings. One of them was Donald C. "Rip" Rarick, thirty-seven, a furnace regulator at the Irvin steel works in McKeesport. Rarick told his fellow workers in Local 1227 that he thought the increase had been railroaded through by the international, and that the officers had denied his demand for a roll-call vote. He and his buddies met one night in the back room of Leonard's Café, a local McKeesport beer hall, and decided that the rank-and-file members were losing their rights to do something about it.

Along with the $2 raise in dues, the convention had passed a $10,000 salary increase for President McDonald, which put him alongside Dave Beck of the Teamsters as the highest-salaried union official in the country with $50,000 a year. The workers who resented the dues increase resented McDonald's salary increase as well. It pushed him, at least financially, farther away from the men in the mill, and reinforced the image of all those pictures where he and Benjamin Fairless are standing together shaking hands in front

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

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of a rash of smokestacks, silently challenging the spectator to guess just which one is the labor leader and which one the magnate of industry. In a sense, McDonald has become the victim of his own publicity. By becoming indistinguishable from the company boss, he has brought on the suspicions of the workers and created the sentiment stirred by Rarick's slogan to "give the union back to the workers—away from the 'union aristocracy.'"

This latent sentiment was aroused in locals across the country when Rarick convened a meeting of fifty representatives of locals in the Pittsburgh-McKeesport area on October 19 to form the Dues Protest Committee. It was further enforced by the reaction of the international to the possibility of a slate of candidates running against the incumbents in a Steelworkers' national election. The protest movement was looked upon by the national officials in the way that the citizens of Appleton, Wisconsin, might view the formation of a Marxist cell in their city council. In a parody of the Old Days, when the enemy was clearly the company boss, a "union spy" was dispatched to infiltrate the protestant movement of the rank and file. The agent reported back to the international with photographs, notes and the following conclusion:

> Leaders of the committee urged us to sell [its] program to what they called "the small worker." I am alarmed because I believe they are succeeding.

By late October the revolt was still growing, and had even been joined by Local 1272 of the Jones and Laughlin Southside Pittsburgh plant, where David J. McDonald holds his union membership. By late November McDonald gave up the outward pretense of ignoring the movement and announced he would "take off the gloves" and go forth into battle. The rebels were by then quite pure in their rank-and-file composition—for the international executives they had "drafted" to run against McDonald all refused, and protest chairman Rarick became the candidate for president.

Orders had gone out from U.S.W. headquarters to staff representatives to keep Rarick off the ballot, and they in turn passed the word to local presidents, who, in many cases had a hard time doing the job. The hardest on record was that of John Donahoe, president of Local 1408 *in* McKeesport. The Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* reported that during the nominating meeting of Local 1408

> . . . Donahoe said the meeting had already nominated David J. McDonald, president, and other incumbents for re-election. The rank and file, numbering more than 300, were at first unaware of the action, then stormed, realizing it must have been done while the microphone was turned off during the reading of the officers report. Members surged to the rostrum about Donahoe demanding the right to vote in a democratic way. Donahoe was knocked down twice and lost his glasses. Two chairs were tossed at him, and he was chased from the hall. Donahoe lost his shoe, and it was thrown at him. Shortly after that, in an undisclosed haven of safety, Donahoe phoned the *Post-Gazette* to say that his local had endorsed the McDonald ticket by "acclamation."

As the mid-December deadline neared for filing nominations, support had come in to Rarick from isolated locals from Saginaw, Michigan, to Homestead, Pa., including some of the union's biggest locals; the Monongahela Valley, where McDonald was supposed to have much of his backing, was aflame with the heresy.

SHORTLY after "taking off the gloves," McDonald had threatened on November 29 to expel the rebels from the union; on December 4 he spoke not of expulsion but merely said, "We can't lose—God bless America." Patriotism had in fact been appealed to earlier when McDonald called the protest leaders "Trotzkyites"; God was brought into the picture by the pro-McDonald president of a local in Ohio who wrote to a newspaper concerning the rebels: "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do."

But in spite of God, country and staff representatives, the heretics captured endorsement of ninety-one locals, fifty-one more than needed for a place on the ballot. What Rarick claims was the next major move by McDonald added a new dimension of drama. Rarick reported that he was approached by Armand Carlomagno, an ex-convict, president of a taxi union local in Pittsburgh, who took him on December 31 to a secret meeting with Dave McDonald at Beal's Motel, outside of Pittsburgh, and there was offered a bribe of job and money if he would quit the race. McDonald answered this report with the charge that Rarick was a man of fantastic imagination and that the whole thing was "a plain, unmitigated lie." In the meantime, by election day, Carlomagno had not been found for comment.

IN JANUARY, McDonald set out on a series of U.S.W. "regional conferences" in six major cities whose total cost was estimated by the union at a million dollars. McDonald insisted that the conferences were not "political," though nothing like them had happened before in the history of the union, the national convention was not yet six months over and another national convention would be held before the union's current contract ran out. The theme of the conferences was: "Where Were We? Where Are We Now? Where Are We Going?" and the going looked better than ever before, with McDonald proposing an extended three-month vacation for steelworkers every five years to meet the challenge of automation.

The overall theme of McDonald's election publicity was "Twenty Years of Progress." But only three of those years have been with McDonald at the helm, and though he was secretary-treasurer behind Phil Murray the rest of the time, the attempt to incorporate the whole twenty years to his own credit was not only implausible, but did not go down well with many of the workers, among whom Murray is really The Man.

The weekend before the election, Rarick wound up his campaign with a series of speeches that took him to Ellwood City and Berwick, Pennsylvania, and then to Baltimore. As the campaign drew to a close, Rarick's charges against the U.S.W.

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administration and his revelations of information from the meeting he claims to have had with McDonald grew increasingly greater. So did the anxiety of the international, despite the professions of calm.

Ellwood City is about forty miles north of Pittsburgh, and there are an estimated 4,000 steelworkers in the town and surrounding area. Rarick had been called there by the Dues Protest Committee of Local 2283, headed by John Wright, the local's president. As in nearly all of Rarick's appearances, the sponsoring Dues Protest Group paid for his trip. The meeting, in the Ellwood City V.F.W. hall, was open to any who wanted to come, and members from nearby locals in Sharon, Grove City and New Castle, swelled the audience—though many came to heckle rather than to listen.

A little before seven o'clock, when the meeting was scheduled to start, the first few men had gathered and Marty Kovach, a U.S.W. staff representative for the area, was standing at the door dispensing greetings and observing the allegiance of the entering audience—marked in some cases by the red-white-and-blue buttons inscribed with the hitherto superfluous message, "Re-elect McDonald, Abel, Hague," or blue-and-white "Rarick" buttons, or in non-buttoned instances, identified through the storehouse of political information which is part of the staff representative's necessary equipment. Marty Kovach, grinning and expansive, gestured with his yellow plastic cigar-holder and assured a visitor that the meeting would be "mostly McDonald men."

"They're coming down in buses," he said. "They're going to have some questions for Mr. Rarick."

BY THE time Mr. Rarick arrived, a half-hour late, the hall had a standing-room crowd of around 300 men, a good many of whom had their questions out before Rarick could get to the platform. "Why isn't this meeting in a union hall?"; "You think you're good enough to wipe McDonald's shoes?" was heard from the floor as Rarick and a few friends came down the side aisle toward the stage. John Wright got quickly to the mike and boomed above the noise that "We don't want any baloney here tonight—the cops have been alerted."

Rarick came to the mike without much further introduction. Standing six feet, four inches, and weighing 250 pounds, he did not look like a man to give way easily to "baloney," and he assured his audience of that above the din.

"John Wright was asked by a lot of people who were undecided on how to vote to have me come up here and give my side of things, and that's what I intend to do," Rarick said. "I've been in meetings like this before—I've been in meetings where McDonald stooges came in with blackjacks and guns—"

The crowd yelled and jeered disbelief, and Rarick said: "Right down at Steubenville they did. Maybe you goons can tell me why McDonald doesn't want any opposition—is he afraid somebody'll get a look at the books?"

THAT HAS become a rhetorical question for Rarick, and he attempted to bolster his answer that night by challenging McDonald to a lie-detector test on the question of whether McDonald offered him bribes to get out of the election.

"I was out at Beal's Motel for five hours with Dave McDonald," Rarick told the crowd. "I'm willing to take a lie-detector test with McDonald any time. If McDonald can say I'm a liar, let him prove it. I'll show who's lying."

The challenge momentarily stymied the hecklers, and left only the applause from Rarick's supporters. But the pro-McDonalds were soon back in voice, and Rarick had to wind up his words in the face of general confusion. He was called back for questions, though, and they came thick and fast. They demanded his credentials in running for office; what qualifications he had to run the massive union. One young crew-cut worker in the back of the hall voiced the question not only of outright McDonald supporters but also of men who claimed sympathy with Rarick's cause but doubted his experience and ability for the top job: "We got a booklet not long ago from the International called 'Where Were We Then? Where Are We Now?' What I want to know is, Rarick, if you get elected president, where the hell are we going?"

Marty Kovach, bending back from his seat in the front row, told some McDonald supporters behind him to ask Rarick why he believed in the Open Shop, and one stood up and said "Why do you believe in the Open Shop, Mr. Rarick?"

"I never said I was in favor of Open Shop," he answered. "I said I was for a Union Shop—but I also said with proper representation and administration, people would knock down our doors to get in the union."

Four or five voices in the back began to sing "McDonald is our leader, he shall not be moved," and though the song didn't pick up, the confusion did, and Rarick finally stepped back in finale. Afterwards a crowd came up to question him, some to apologize for the way the meeting went, some to hand him contribution money: "Here's $25 from our local up in Sharon—you've got some good support there."

One man asked Rarick what he really had in the way of proof for a Senate investigation. Rarick replied with how corrupt the U.S.W. had become, in general, and how *Steel Labor*, the U.S.W. newspaper, wouldn't allow him equal space to answer charges from Abel. In the pre-convention issue of the paper, there were two pictures and innumerable facts about David J. McDonald, and no mention of Rarick's name.

"Yeah, Mr. Rarick," the questioner said, "that's too bad, but for Christ sake it's nothing for an investigating committee."

NOR WAS anything else that Rarick offered as specific proof. His charges have mainly been against the internal undemocratic procedures of the union, the union expenditures for McDonald's own campaign (Rarick claimed that the whole thing, including regional conferences, full-page ads in newspapers throughout the country and recorded radio broadcasts which were on nineteen times the day before election in the Pittsburgh area alone, came close to

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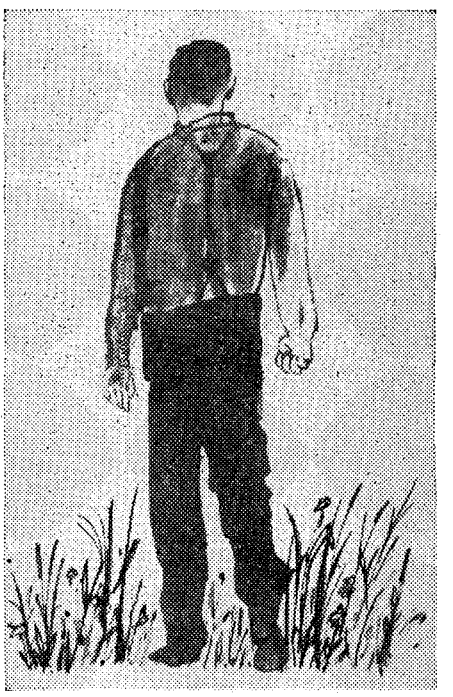
totalling $5,000,000) and the suspicion that "if we ever got ahold of the books" all sorts of corruption would be uncovered. This vague but real distrust of the mighty McDonald, who looks with his pipe and distinguished grey hair so far removed from the smoke of the mills, was perhaps the heart of the sentiment Rarick touched upon in the rank and file. (The dues, after all, were raised three times without rebellion in the presidential tenure of Phil Murray.) The steel-like attempt at repression of the rebels made it seem all the more to the workers as if there were something dark and terrible hidden in the bowels of the international.

One thing definitely hidden was the right of a rank-and-file worker to run against Dave McDonald for president without expulsion and accusations of treachery. Rarick pledged that win or lose, the protest movement would still continue; whatever its eventual fate may be, one thing is certain—the United Steelworkers of America, AFL-CIO, will never be the same as it was before the protest. Ferdinand Douthat, a member of U.S.W. local 1864 of Berwick, wrote to the Berwick *Enterprise* telling that his local had voted money to support Rarick but the local officers wouldn't release it; that members wrote personal checks to contribute to the protest campaign and that "These same members are fed up with being told that they must do this or that or else. When someone says you cannot run for office in a supposedly democratic union it is time to do something about it."

The union's constitution has been discovered, and the professional union president is liable to be held to account in the future just as rigorously as the company boss. McDonald and Fairless have more problems in common, after all, than McDonald and Rarick or McDonald and Douthat. There are times in the life of each of those smiling men in front of the smokestacks when he is jolted back to the realization that all sorts of sweaty individuals are back there behind the scenery making the smoke. Fairless had his turn last year when the new union contracts were signed; perhaps the time has come for McDonald.

LOVE . . . *a short story by Tibor Dery*

Translated (from the French) by MINA CURTISS



Tibor Déry, novelist and short-story writer, was among the group of Hungarian intellectuals who played a decisive role in preparing the ground for the Hungarian revolt. Like many others in the group, he had himself been a Communist for many years; indeed, in the immediate postwar period, he had risen in party influence to the point where he had become a kind of "official institution." It was a role he neither welcomed nor deserved, for his more important work had always reflected a strong individualism. Coincident with the rise of Zhdanov as the arbiter of all art and literature in the Communist world, Déry's writings displayed an increasing nonconformism; and even his older works began to come under attack of the Zhdanovists. The Twentieth Congress threw him into open opposition to the Stalinist regime in Budapest, and shortly thereafter he was expelled from the party.

The Nation *rarely prints fiction; in this instance, the excellence of the story, its subject matter and the special circumstances surrounding the author seemed to the editors to justify the exception.* Love *was penned after Déry's split with the party; it has appeared in* Les Lettres Nouvelles, *translated into French by L. Cara from the original Hungarian.*

The door of the cell opened and the jailer tossed in a bundle. "Here," he said.

It was a bag with a number on it. It fell on the floor just at the prisoner's feet. B. got up, drew a deep breath and looked at his guard.

"It's your civilian clothes," the latter added. "Put them on. . . . Someone's coming to shave you."

The bag contained the clothes and shoes that B. was wearing seven years ago. The clothes were so crushed that there wasn't an inch of cloth unwrinkled. The shoes were mildewed. B. unfolded his shirt; it was mildewed, too. He had just finished dressing when the barber, another prisoner, came to shave him.

An hour later he was led to the prison office. There were about ten prisoners in the corridor ready to leave. B. didn't have to wait in line; as soon as he came to the door they let him in. A sergeant was sitting at the desk in the office; another one was standing beside him. A captain strode slowly back and forth.

"Come here," said the sergeant who was sitting down. "Your name? Your mother's name? . . . Where are you going?"

"I don't know," said B.

"What do you mean," asked the sergeant, "you don't know where you're going?"

The sergeant threw him a glum look. "You're not being taken anywhere," he snarled. "You can go and lunch with your wife. Tonight you can go to bed with her. You understand?"

The prisoner didn't answer.

"So where are you going?" the

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sergeant repeated.

"17 Szilfa Utca."

"What district is that?"

"The second," B. said. "Why am I being set free?"

"What a question," the sergeant grumbled. "You're being set free. That's all there is to it. . . . Just be glad to get rid of us."

From the next room they brought B.'s valuables: a nickel wrist-watch, a fountain-pen and a worn greenish-grey wallet that B. had inherited from his father. The wallet was empty.

"Sign this," said the sergeant.

It was a receipt for the fountain-pen, the wallet and the wrist-watch.

"And this, too."

It was another receipt for 146 forints, a prisoner's wages. The sergeant counted out the money.

"Put it away," he said.

B. took out the wallet he had just put in his pocket and stuffed the money, bills and change into it. The wallet smelled of mildew, too. Last of all they gave him his certificate of dismissal from prison. The dotted line after "Cause for Arrest" was left blank.

B. lingered in the corridor for another fifteen minutes. Then, in the company of three other prisoners, he was led back to the main entrance of the prison. He had not yet stepped across the threshold when a sergeant came running and stopped them. He pointed out one of them and led him back into the prison building, flanked by two guards armed with tommy-guns. The man's freshly shaved face turned yellow, as though he had suddenly had a bilious attack. His eyes were glassy.

The three others proceeded as far as the door.

"There's where the streetcar stops," said the guard. "You can go there."

He had examined B.'s dismissal papers and had just returned them to him.

B. stayed standing there for a second to get his bearings.

"What are you waiting for?" the guard asked.

B. continued to stand still, looking at the ground.

"Get out of here," said the guard. "What are you waiting for?"

"I am going," B. replied. "Can I really go?"

The guard didn't answer. B. put his dismissal certificate in his pocket and crossed the threshold. After he had taken a few steps he was tempted to look back, but he controlled himself and went ahead. He pricked up his ears: no one was following him. Automatically he put his hand in his trouser pocket, but he found no handkerchief to wipe away the beads of sweat that formed on his brow. He got into a streetcar that had just come to a grinding stop. Meanwhile a prison guard got out of the trailer at the end of the car. As he came through the main section which B. had entered, the guard stared at him provocatively through little pig's eyes, sunk in his pock-marked face. The former prisoner did not speak to the guard. The streetcar started.

AT THAT very instant, just during that fraction of a second when he didn't speak to the guard, and when the streetcar started, the world was filled with sound. B. felt as though he were at the cinema when, because of a technical failure, the film runs for a minute without the soundtrack. Then, all of a sudden, in the middle of a word, the sound returns to the gaping mouths of the actors. The muted theatre, where the audience itself seems to have lost its third dimension, is suddenly filled to the rafters with sound, with music, with dialogue. Colors, too, started to burst around B. The streetcar coming from the opposite direction was yellower than any he had ever seen. It passed an aggressively grey one-storied house with such throbbing of the motor that B. thought they would never be able to bring it to a stop. On the other side of the street two horses, red as peonies, ran, drawing an empty wagon. The bed of the wagon rumbled so loud that the fleecy clouds, swimming in the sky, trembled. Behind it flowed a little bottle-green garden with two flamboyant glass balls and a big kitchen door open. On the sidewalks, thousands of human beings were walking, all dressed in different kinds of civilian clothes. There were some curiously small ones, some of them barely reached to the knees of the other pedestrians and some of them were carried in their arms. And the women?

B. felt his eyes clouding with tears as he stepped inside the streetcar. The woman conductor had a soft, heady voice. B. bought a ticket and sat down at the end of the car on an isolated seat. He retired within himself. He was afraid that if he continued to look at things he would lose control. At that very moment, opposite him, through the window, on the sidewalk in front of a brewery, he caught sight of a man caressing the face of a young woman. B. again put his hand in his pocket, still without discovering a handkerchief to wipe his brow. A working-man had just sat down opposite him with half a dozen bottles of beer in his half-open bag.

"Haven't you got too much there?" the conductor asked, laughing.

"I have a family, comrade," said the working-man. "My wife likes to watch her husband drink."

The conductor laughed again.

"Just drink?"

"Certainly."

"Dark beer?"

"Yes, dark beer."

"But the blonde is nicer."

"The dark is what my wife likes to watch me drink."

The conductor laughed some more.

"You could at least give me a present of a bottle."

"Of the dark?"

"If that's all you have."

"What would you do with it?"

The conductor laughed louder.

"Take it to my husband."

"He doesn't need the dark since he prefers blondes," said the working-man.

Again laughter from the conductor. The car stopped. B. got out and took a taxi. The driver lowered the flag.

"Where do you want to go?" he asked after a moment or two while the passenger remained silent.

"To Buda," said B.

The driver turned around and examined the passenger.

"By what bridge?"

B. looked straight ahead of him.

"By what bridge?" the driver

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repeated. "You don't know Budapest very well?"

"By the Marguerite bridge," B. replied.

The taxi started. B. sat up straight without leaning back against the seat. Through the open window penetrated the smell of gasoline and the dust of the sunny street, the sound of the streetcar gongs. The sun flooded the sidewalk on both sides of the street; on the pavement shadows fell crosswise against the shoes of the passers-by and seemed to multiply the traffic by two. Under the striped orange umbrella of a café a young woman was smoking, haloed in a scarlet light. Farther on, at the corner of the street, a young chestnut tree, already covered with green foliage, cast a shadow, hardly bigger than a hand, that fluttered from right to left in uncertain gleams.

'If you see a tobacco-shop. . . ." said B. to the driver.

Three buildings farther along the taxi stopped. B. looked out the door; he found himself before a shop, and in front of it rose a mountain of red radishes, another mountain of salad greens, and finally another of red apples. Next door, the narrow entrance to a tobacco-shop.

"Don't bother," said the driver. "I'll get them for you. What brand?"

B. looked at the red radishes; his hand trembled.

"Kossuth?"

"Yes," said B., "and a box of matches, too."

The driver got out.

"Don't bother," he said. "I'll add it to the fare. One pack?"

"Please," said B.

"You'll smoke one right away, won't you?" asked the driver when he came back. "My brother-in-law did two years, too. The first thing he did, too, was to go into a tobacco-shop. He smoked two *Kossuths* in succession and only after that did he go to join his family."

"You can see it on me?" B. asked after a moment.

"Yes, a little. My brother-in-law had the same sickly complexion. Of course you might be coming out of a hospital, but in a hospital they don't wrinkle the clothes so much. How long did you do?"

"Seven years," said B.

The driver let out a whistle.

"Political?"

"Yes. A year and a half in the death cell."

"And now they've let you go?"

"So it seems. Does it show very much on me?"

The driver shrugged his shoulders, then lowered them.

"Seven years," he repeated. "It's not surprising."

B. got out of the taxi at the cog-wheel railway station; he wanted to go the rest of the way on foot; he wanted to get used to moving freely before he found his wife.

The driver refused a tip. "You'll need money, comrade," he said. "Save everything you have to build yourself up: meat every day, a half-litre of wine and you will soon be like new."

"Au revoir," B. said.

A LITTLE farther along, on the opposite sidewalk, in the window of a novelty shop, there was a narrow mirror. He crossed to stand in front of it, stayed there for several minutes, then went on his way again. As the Avenue de Pasarée was jammed with people B. took a little road that led up the hill, along a tennis court. He then went into the Avenue Otto Herrmann. There was too much open space there, with the empty lots and the mountains in the background. B. was seized with a spell of dizziness and sat down on the grass. He said to himself that in any case his wife wasn't expecting him and he had time to spend half an hour sitting on the grass. Right across from him, behind a fence, there was an apple tree in bloom. B. looked at it for a minute, then got up and went close to the fence. The wax-colored flowers formed such a thick mass on the branches that one could hardly see the deep wavering blue of the sky that silhouetted them. Looking at the flowers one by one he could see the calix, at the narrow base of the petals, a sort of pink shadow as light as a breath of air, that lent to each corolla nuptial sweetness. Bees droned in the flowers, tracing golden threads that trembled on the white tissue of the petals; there were so many bees that the whole tree seemed to sway like a sail in the wind. B., standing there, heard the tree speaking. Between two branches he discovered a large piece of sky where a frothy floating cloud gave him the sense of seeing another apple tree flowering in the inaccessible distance. He looked at both of them with such intensity—the one accessible and the other, beyond, inaccessible—that he became dizzy.

HE HAD forgotten to wind his wrist-watch and didn't know how much time had gone by since he left the taxi. He turned back and made his way towards his house. After a few steps he took refuge behind a bush and started to vomit. That relieved him. Finally, after half an hour of walking across little streets flooded with light, in the midst of the blossoming apple trees that studded the hill, he stopped in front of his house. His lodgings were on the second floor. In the garden, on either side of the entrance, there was a while lilac. B. climbed the steps.

When he rang the bell nobody answered. No sign on the door. B. went down to the basement where the janitress lived and rapped on the door.

"Good-day," he said to the woman who opened the door. She, too, seemed thinner, and she had aged.

"Who do you want to see?"

"I am B. Does my wife still live here?"

"Good heavens!" cried the janitress.

B. kept his eyes riveted to the ground.

"Good heavens!" repeated the janitress. "So here you are back, like this?"

"Yes, I am back," said B. "Does my wife still live here?"

The janitress undid the latch and leaned against the frame of the door. "So you are back," she said again. "Good heavens! Certainly she still lives here. She wasn't forewarned of your return? Merciful heavens! Certainly she lives here."

"And my son, too?" asked B.

The janitress understood. "He is well," she said. "He is all right, nothing has happened to him. He's a fine, strapping lad now. Good

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heavens!"

B. was silent.

"Come into our house," said the woman in a trembling voice. "Come on in. I knew that you were innocent. I knew you would come back one day."

"Nobody opened the door," said B., "and I rang three times."

"Come on into our house," repeated the janitress. "There can't be anyone at home at your place. The co-tenants are out, too."

B. continued silent, his eyes still riveted to the ground.

"Your wife works and little Gyuri is still at school," the janitress continued. "Don't you want to come in? They will both be back in the afternoon."

"There are co-tenants in the apartment?" B. asked.

"They're very decent people," said the janitress. "Your wife gets on very well with them. My Lord, here you are back again!"

B. didn't reply.

"I have a key," the janitress said after a moment. "Do you want to go up and rest while you wait for your wife?"

Two keys hung from a nail on the wall. The janitress took one, then closed the door behind her.

"Come up and rest," she said.

"You're coming with me?" B.

asked without looking up.

"Certainly," said the janitress. "I'll show you the room where your wife lives."

"The room?"

"Well, you see, there are four co-tenants. They have been assigned the two main rooms. Your wife has taken up quarters with little Gyuri in the maid's room, but the kitchen and the bathroom are shared."

B. didn't answer.

"Do you want to go up," asked the janitress, "or would you rather wait for your wife with us? You could lie down on the sofa and rest a little."

"The kitchen and the bathroom are shared?" B. asked.

"Yes, certainly."

B. raised his head and looked the woman in the eye. "So I have the right to take a bath?"

"Naturally," said the janitress, smiling, and she took B.'s elbow gently as though she wanted to support him. "Certainly you have the right to take a bath. The apartment belongs to you just as much as to the others and, I repeat, the kitchen and the bathroom are shared. I would be glad to heat a bath for you; we still have a little wood left over from last winter, but I think the co-tenants keep the bathroom locked during the day."

Silent, B. was again lost in contemplation of the ground.

"Shall we go up or will you come in to our place?" the janitress asked again. "I have something to do in the kitchen, I shan't disturb you; you will lie down on the sofa and perhaps you can sleep."

"Thank you," B. replied. "I prefer to go up."

THE WINDOW of the maid's small room gave on the north as maids' rooms in Budapest generally do. Opposite an oak tree spread out its foliage; to the left Mount Gugger was visible, all black with firs. The room took on a deep green color because of the closeness of the trees. Once B. found himself alone and had started breathing again, he recognized his wife's perfume. He sat down in front of the window and breathed deeply. He looked at the oak leaves, steeping himself wholly in the odor suddenly become familiar again. He drew long breaths. In this minuscule room the furniture consisted of a worn cupboard painted white, an iron bed, a table and a chair. To reach the bed, the chair had to be moved. B. did not stretch out on the bed; he stayed sitting up so as to breathe. The table was littered with all kind of objects piled one on the other—books, clothes, toys. There was also a little hand mirror. B. looked at himself in it; his reflection had not changed since he stopped before the mirror in the shop-window near the cogwheel railway station. He put it back on the table, mirror-side down. He didn't look through his wife's things that were spread out there. In the ashtray was a ball with red dots. Above the table, too, floated his wife's perfume.

When B. had gone back to his place in front of the window the janitress came into the room carrying a big bowl of *café au lait* and two thick slices of *brioche*. B. ate and found himself alone again. A few minutes later the wife of the tenant on the first floor rang the bell; she, too, brought a bowl of coffee, some bread and butter, some sausage and an apple exactly like those B. had seen in the window of the green-grocer's shop. Her eyes filled with tears, she put the tray on the table and left almost at once. As soon as he was alone, B. swallowed all of it. He still hadn't wound his watch and didn't know how long he had sat there. The window gave on the garden behind the house where no one passed by. Between the pale green leaves, set in white, a little breeze blew from time to time, making the light quiver on the white-washed walls of the room.

When B. was so impregnated with his wife's perfume that he could no longer smell it he went down to the street and stationed himself in front of the garden gate. A little later he caught sight of his wife, who appeared at the corner of the street surrounded by four or five children. She approached the gate, slowed down, even stopped for a second. Then she began to run quickly. B. also started to run without realizing it. When they came very close to each other the young woman stopped short as if she weren't quite sure of what she saw; then she sprang forward. B. recognized the grey cardigan with black stripes he had bought at a store in town shortly before his arrest. His wife was a strange, unique mixture of flesh and air, like nothing else he had ever seen in his life. It surpassed all the memories he had stored up during seven years of prison.

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When they freed themselves from each other's arms B. leaned against the fence. A few steps behind his wife stood four or five little boys, looking curious and astonished.

"Which is mine?" he asked.

At that moment his wife started to cry. "Let's go up," she said, sobbing. B. put his arm around her shoulders.

"Don't cry."

"Let's go up," said his wife, still in tears.

"Don't cry," said B. "Which is mine?"

THE WOMAN pushed open the garden gate, started to run towards the house, between the two white lilacs, and was lost to sight under the porch. She was just as slender as the day they had parted and she ran with the same long, supple strides as she did one day when, as a young girl, she had escaped from a cow, egged on by fear. When B. joined her on the landing of the first floor she was already calm, only her young girl's breasts rose under the grey cardigan with the black stripes. She was no longer crying, but even when she had wiped away her tears her eyes stayed moist.

"My darling!" she whispered, "my darling!"

Her whisper was so touching that he wanted to savor each syllable for a long time.

"Let's go in," said B.

"There are other tenants in the apartment."

"I know," said B. "Let's go in."

"You've already been upstairs?"

"Yes," said B. "Which is my son?"

Inside the room the woman kneeled before him, rested her head against his knees and started to cry. Some white hairs gave a strange lustre to her deep blonde head.

"My darling," she repeated. "I waited for you. My darling."

B. stroked her hair.

"Was it hard?"

"My darling," his wife murmured. B. continued to stroke her hair.

"Have I aged a lot?"

She hugged his knees and pressed against them.

"To me you are just as you were when we left each other."

"I've aged a lot," B. repeated.

"I'll love you all my life," she whispered again.

"You love me?" B. asked.

The young woman's back shook; she sobbed. B. took his hands from her head. "Could you get used to me? Would you be able to get used to me again?" he questioned.

"I never loved anyone but you," said the young woman. "I love you."

"You waited for me?"

"I lived with you," she said. "Not one day went by that I didn't think of you. I knew you would come back. If you hadn't come back I would have died alone. Your son—he was you again."

"You love me?" B. repeated.

"I have never loved anyone but you. You couldn't have changed so much that I would no longer love you."

"I've changed," said B., "and I've aged."

The young woman started crying again and pressed closer against her husband's legs. B. again stroked her hair.

"Can we still have another child?" she asked.

"Perhaps," said B. "If you love me. Get up." The young woman rose.

"Do you want me to call him?"

"Not yet," said B. "I would like to stay alone with you for a moment. He is still a stranger to me. Did he stay down in the garden?"

"I'll hurry down," said the woman, "I'll tell him to wait."

When she returned, B. was in front of the window, his back turned. His back seemed to have become narrower and more bowed. He didn't turn around. The young woman hesitated a moment on the threshold.

"I told him to pick some flowers for his father," she said in a voice hoarse with emotion. "In the empty lot next door there are lilacs in bloom; he will pick a big bunch."

"You love me?" asked B.

She ran to him, put her arms around his shoulders and pressed against him with her whole body. "My darling," she whispered.

"Could you get used to me?"

"I never loved anyone but you. I was with you day and night; every day I talked to your son about you."

B. turned around, clasped his wife in his arms and examined her face closely. In the light of dusk that came through the window he observed with relief that she, too, had aged, although she was even more beautiful than the image he had evoked every day for seven years. Her eyes were closed, her mouth half-open, and the breath that escaped between her white teeth skimmed B.'s mouth. Her skin, in the shadow of her eyelashes, was damp and shone with a sombre light; she was the very picture of abandon. B. kissed her eyes, then pushed her gently away.

"Love our son, too," she murmured, her eyes still closed.

"Yes," said B. "I'll get used to him. I'll love him."

"He's your son."

"And yours."

She put her arms around his neck. "I'll clean you up."

"I need it."

B. undressed. His wife opened the bed and made him lie on it quite naked. She brought some hot water in a white enamel bowl, a piece of soap, two towels. She dipped one towel in the water, folded it and rubbed it on the soap. Then she washed her husband's body. She changed the water in the bowl twice. B.'s hand was still trembling, but his face had relaxed.

"Could you get used to me?" he asked.

"My darling," said the woman.

"You will sleep with me tonight?"

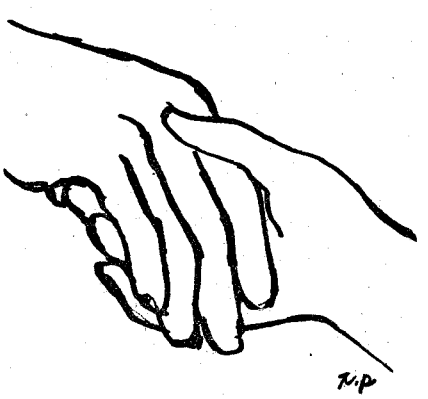
"Yes."

"And the child, where will he sleep?"

"I will fix a bed on the floor for him. He sleeps very soundly."

"You will stay with me all night?"

"Yes. Every night as long as we live."



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WINTER BOOKS

San Francisco's Mature Bohemians

Kenneth Rexroth

IT IS gradually getting around that a special kind of regional renaissance has been under way in San Francisco ever since the war. Back in 1947 there was a brief flurry of interest at its borning. Journalists for the class magazines discovered that the city was the capital of what they called "the new anarchist bohemianism." In the past ten years the anarchists have become more anarchistic, the bohemians more bohemian, the city has come to play an even more capital role. People are always asking me, "Isn't this the sort of thing that exists in other cities? Every place has its coteries of poets, little magazines, little hand presses, little bohemian bars and jazz joints." Yes and no. It is true that all over the world a new kind of youth is growing up, with a new social outlook and new patterns of behavior. In France they used to call them existentialists; in Moscow they call them hooligans. In London they have yet to penetrate Bloomsbury and Chelsea, but hang out by the Elephant and are called Edwardians—"Teddy Boys." In Tokyo they make movies. In Budapest they have made history.

But something different is going on in San Francisco. What Lipton has called our underground culture isn't underground here. It is dominant—in fact almost all there is. This can be understood only if other than purely literary factors are taken into account.

First the setting. The mild climate makes living a lot easier than in New York or Chicago. Ocean, forests, mountains are all at hand. Although San Francisco is as supersaturated as New York, it is easy to escape into any desired degree of wilderness. Even the air is kept clean by the sea breeze.

The social base of the city is made up of migratory agricultural workers, seamen, longshoremen, other categories with a high degree of mobility—independent and skeptical. Life is far less competitive than in most American cities. It is easy to get by. Even the poorest have a little of the debonair spirit, and maritime workers, harvest stiffs and lumberjacks are notoriously the bohemians of the working class. This has a special relevance. Most San Francisco poets are literally members of this working class, *not one is a professor.* Wages are high and it is easy to "beat the system." From British Columbia to San Diego the West Coast is sprinkled with canny flies who have learned to ride the fly wheel. Forest watchers, clam diggers, fruit pickers, fishermen in the summer, they make a pile and take it easy. It doesn't take the writer long to catch on. One trip to the Arctic Ocean and Allen Ginsberg had enough money to go to Mexico and Europe. It is self-evident that this will produce a literature considerably different from what is done on a job parsing the seven types of ambiguity to seminars of born idlers.

It also makes a political difference. All during the depression period of Communist influence in literature, many young San Francisco writers were, not "proletarian writers," but actual proletarians. They didn't argue in coffee shops about "contact with the masses," they didn't visit picket lines to write feature stories—they were on them because they worked at the job being struck. For this reason, when the great disillusionment came with the Moscow Trials and the Spanish Revolution, they simply walked away. Very few became professional anti-Stalinists of the Astor Place variety. Important to intellectuals with no grip on their environment of actual physical work, the factionalism of decaying Bolshevism seemed like more of the same thing to the man on the job.

San Francisco has a larger Mediterranean population than most American cities. The whole feeling of the city is Mediterranean. Tradition is not something you learn in a course in "The English Tradition, 237A"; it is in the substance of a society like sap in the tree. The traditions of Britain and New England simply aren't here. Until the war the city supported both Italian and French stock companies, as well as three Chinese theatres. You couldn't see Shakespeare or Noel Coward except at rare intervals—but Racine or Mimi Agulia (whom Van Vechten once called America's greatest actress) were readily available. The attitude toward life is definitely *laissez faire,* if not *dolce far niente.* The best hotels have side entrances for your discreet female guests. The town is no longer wide open—the Army closed it up—but it is far from tight shut. It is not just that you can indulge in the minor vices undisturbed. Far more important to the writer is the consistently permissive social atmosphere. Nobody cares if you visit a brothel, and nobody cares if you write free verse.

A SOCIETY like this acts to a certain extent as its own selector. Henry Miller and Kenneth Patchen migrated out here, but I doubt that any of the Neoantireconstructionists of the Southron Metaphysical group would care to be found dead in the place. There have not been any racial conflicts in the city for fifty years. Political chauvinism gets scant shrift. Congressional witch hunters don't just meet with "un-cooperative witnesses." A few more decibels of un-cooperation and it would be accurate to say that they are run out of town.

The literary market place is far

KENNETH REXROTH has recently published 100 Chinese Poems *and a collection of his own verse,* In Defense of the Earth.

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away in New York. Its cocktail parties and scalping expeditions and log rolling bees might as well be on the moon. Writers and artists here gain nothing by pushing each other around, and so, within the limits of personalities, they are all friends. Its very remoteness helps make the city cosmopolitan. London and Paris are as important and almost as accessible as New York. Oriental interests come naturally, with none of the unwholesomeness of the occult. Several young San Francisco writers read Chinese and Japanese, more are interested in Buddhism. In many cases they got that way "shipping out" to the Orient.

SO MUCH for background. There is also a special recent historical factor. Just as the city has filled up with ordinary people who came through on their way to and from war in the Pacific, liked what they saw and stayed, so the ranks of the intellectuals have filled up with conscientious objectors who were quartered in camps in nearby forests and mountains during the war. In the city disillusion with Stalinism had led to rejection of the State and all political action, rather than to conversion to some other Social Democratic sect. The anarcho-syndicalist heritage of the IWW, once so powerful on the West Coast, was reasserting itself. In the mountains, meanwhile, innocent Christians and followers of A. J. Muste were becoming disillusioned with their leaders and with the fraudulent trap which the CO camps turned out to be. Many—in fact most of my own friends—walked out and went voluntarily to prison. They were mostly quite young—with their mark still to make, in literature or anything else. But only in San Francisco did any writers who had already arrived in the radical *avant garde* become war resistors or conscientious objectors. When the war was over these two groups merged, to form a new intellectual climate.

For several years the city had a functioning anarchist group—the largest such group in the world—of young people of American ancestry. Two New Yorkers, representatives of the official "movement," arrived to take over, and in a matter of weeks the group withered away—a lot faster than Lenin's state. Today, if absolutely cornered, most young San Francisco writers would admit they were anarchists, but the general attitude seems to be that there isn't anything very anarchistic about calling yourself an anarchist and belonging to a "movement."

Anarchism, conscientious objection, war resistance, were more popular with young English writers than with the Americans, and there was considerable contact during and just after the war between San Francisco and London. Writers like Alex Comfort, D. S. Savage, George Woodcock, Herbert Read were widely read. The first magazines to publish the new San Francisco school were *Horizon, Poetry Quarterly, Poetry Folios*. This has all died out, not because the Californians have changed, but because the British have. A kind of hopeless inertia—atomphobia—has settled upon the British *avant garde*.

In France are several groups with similar ideas. The *Tour de Feu* is one. But ideas are not enough. The level of artistic accomplishment is so low among postwar French writers that contact is not very fruitful. Several of us have contact of one sort or another with the better ones—Rousselot, Char, Frenaud, Seghers, Cadou, Prevert, Queneau—but they could not be called very close ideologically. Artaud and Michaux would be more at home here, but one is dead and the other never writes to anybody. By and large we let Henry Miller represent West Coast culture to the French.

That brings up the question of personal influence. Miller, Kenneth Patchen and I are all living here. It would be hard to think of three people who write less alike. We may not even think alike, but however we have thought we have come to a number of common conclusions about life, society, art and politics. The popular picture of Henry Miller staring at his navel on a mountain top around the base of which slops a sea of long-haired men and dirty girls in orgone boxes is an invention of the professor-poets and the gutter press—but he has certainly had his influence.

Roger Caillois once wrote a book of literary controversy, *Babel*, without a proper name in it. I have not said anything about specific writers so far because I have wanted to give a clear picture of a social or cultural movement first. What these people have in common is what distinguishes them sharply from their contemporaries elsewhere. Edmund Wilson realized this when he wrote of an older generation of realistic California novelists—Steinbeck, Sa-

Rooks

In woods where many rivers run
among the unbent hills
and fields of our childhood
where ricks and rainbows mix in memory
although our 'fields' were streets
I see again those myriad mornings rise
when every living thing
cast its shadow in eternity
and all day long the light
like early morning
with its sharp shadows shadowing
a paradise
that I had hardly dreamed of
nor hardly knew to think
of this unshaved today
with its derisive rooks
that rise above dry trees
and caw and cry
and question every other
spring and thing

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI

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royan, Hans Otto Storm and the rest. His *The Boys in the Back Room* still has a certain relevance to the current scene, although most of his writers are dead or moved away.

There are only two writers of fiction who could be called part of the contemporary San Francisco group —Henry Miller, who stays to home in Big Sur, and Jack Kerouac, who lives here only occasionally. Kerouac is a lot like Miller, a lot like Celine of *Guignol's Band,* a little like Lawrence Durrell's *Black Book,* a little like Samuel Beckett, a little like Nelson Algren's *A Walk on the Wild Side*—only a good deal more so. This is the literature of disengagement, but it is a wildly passionate disengagement. Kerouac calls himself a Buddhist, but he is certainly the most excited Buddhist I have ever heard of. Sometimes he lapses into pages of terrifying gibberish that sounds like a tape recording of a gang bang with everybody full of pod, juice and bennies all at once, Miles Davis or Perez Prade on the phonograph and crazy people beating on the floor. At its best his prose is what they call a smashing indictment. Kerouac may be a member of the "beat," but he is far from being a member of the "cool" generation. He is too frantic at times for even my middle-aged taste. Behind all the jive he is really an outraged Puritan, an angry Hebrew prophet, Elisha sicking on the bears.

MOST young San Francisco writers are poets. The bulk of this piece has been taken up in describing a community in which it is possible for poetry to have social effectiveness and widespread prestige. It may be difficult to believe, but I hope I have made it at least not incomprehensible. Poetry readings to large and enthusiastic audiences are at least weekly occurrences — in small galleries, city museums, community centers, church social halls, pads and joints, apartments and studios, and at the very active Poetry Center at San Francisco State College, which also imports leading poets. The role of poetry out here has been compared to that of jazz in Chicago of the twenties, or to the heroic age of bop in New York. That is true, though jazz itself is a big factor in the literary life of San Francisco—another long story. Poetry out here, more than anywhere else, has a direct, patent, measurable, social effect, immediately grasped by both poet and audience. This is far more important to us than publication in book or magazine on the other side of the continent. Many local writers never think of such publication. Instead, reputations are built through readings, local magazine publication, eventually a book on a small hand press, often run by the poet himself. Such books sell at least as well as poetry issued by commercial publishers. I have published three books locally, one at fifteen dollars, one at seventy-five cents. I have made as much money out of them as I have from any one of ten others published in New York. In addition, I am in living contact with my audience.

It is impossible to do more than list most of the people out here writing good verse of one sort or another. I shall describe briefly a half dozen poets whom most of us would consider the best — leaving aside national reputations like Kenneth Patchen, who should be known to everybody.

When William Everson's *The Residual Years* was published by New Directions, he accused me of presenting him as "Honest Bill The Pome Splitter." Such a characterization would be unjust; still there's something to it. His work has a ruggedly honest unliterary quality that is engaging. It has the ultimate, agonized sincerity that makes for a great, truly personal style. When the book came out both James Laughlin and I hoped that we were launching a new leader for a badly-needed poetic revolution. The book got good, if somewhat puzzled, reviews and eventually sold out. But the revolution took place west of the Sierra Nevada. Most of those poems were written while Everson was an inmate of a CO camp in the Oregon woods. Since then he has become a Dominican friar and now writes, mostly for the *Catholic Worker,* under the name of Brother Antoninus. He has printed, on his own press, two superlatively beautiful books, *A Privacy Of Speech* and *Triptych For The Living.* I make bold to say that he is, as a printer, the equal of Victor Hammer or Eric Gill, and he is one of the best religious poets of the century.

Robert Duncan has published quite a number of books, among them, *Heavenly City, Earthly City, Fragments of a Disordered Devotion, Caesar's Gate.* He is more typically a member of the international *avant garde* than most San Francisco writers and has been influenced by the development of that idiom, from Gertrude Stein to Henri Michaux. His work has been accused of rhetorical excess. I should say that it was rhetoric in the service of illumination, comparable to the work of the English poets, George Barker and David Gascoyne. Like them, he is concerned largely with the mystery and tragedy of love—a kind of Denis de Rougemont stood on his head.

Allen Ginsberg has slain, with one little book in the Pocket Poets Series, *Howl,* any number of stuffed Goliaths. San Francisco seems to have liberated Ginsberg. When he came here he was a rather conventional poet, torn between Morningside Heights and Times Square or MacDougal Alley. He met people who thought Henry James was pretentious snobbery, who dug Lennie Tristano's odd chords, but were so cool they not only didn't smoke marihuana, but were fathers of families. He cut loose with a spate of verse of unbelievable impact. It may be, from one point of view, "social," but it makes the past generation of proletarian poets look like ignorant bumblers. Technically it represents the first attempt since the early Carl Sandburg to handle the natural rhythms of American speech in a long strophic line. Ginsberg runs the danger of turning into a popular entertainer—he affects an audience much as Louis Armstrong affects French bobby soxers. Perhaps that's all right. It hasn't hurt Louis—much.

Philip Lamantia has published one book, *Erotic Poems* (the Divine Eros, presumably), but he has written a considerable amount of poetry

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which, overly-strict in his standards, he has withheld from publication. A Catholic, he too was a CO during the war. A few years ago he was associated with the surrealists—he was an editor of *View*—but he seems to have outgrown them. His work has a fiery clarity and integrity that goes beyond most surrealist verse. Lawrence Ferlinghetti publishes the Pocket Poets Series, including his own *Pictures Of The Gone World,* biting ironic verse which somewhat resembles the work of Raymond Queneau. Michael McClure has recently published a small collection of poems, *Passage.*

As they say, the others are too numerous to do more than mention. James Broughton, Holly Beye, James Harmon, Madeleine Gleason, Paul Dreykus, Victor de Suvero, Leslie Hedley, Rosalie Moore, Richard Emerson, Sanders Russell have all published books, and there are others as interesting who have not: Gary Snyder, Philip Whalen, Thomas Parkinson, Richard Moore, Eleanor Hesthal, Alice Paula, Jeanne McGahey, Murrey Hargrove, William Margolis, Jack Spicer, Christopher Maclaine, Eve Triem, George Leite —all of them better than most writers to be found in an average issue of the literary quarterlies. Of course there are local poets who do not fit into any sort of San Francisco group—especially Josephine Miles and Yvor Winters.

I suppose as long a list could be made up in any area of about a million population. The point is that these people are all a vital part of the community—a real leaven in the lump. In addition, they are singularly unlike the cautious, unmotivated, academic poets now so common elsewhere in the country—which is why, I guess, they *are* a potent social leaven in their community.

Poet of the New Violence

HOWL AND OTHER POEMS. By Allen Ginsberg. The City Lights Pocket Bookshop (San Francisco). 75c.

M. L. Rosenthal

THE TWO most striking pieces in Allen Ginsberg's pamphlet *Howl and Other Poems*—the long title-piece itself and "America"—are sustained shrieks of frantic defiance. The themes are struck off clearly in the opening lines of each:

> I saw the best minds of my
> generation destroyed
> by madness, starving hysterical
> naked...

and

> America I've given you all and
> now I'm nothing.

Isolated quotation, however, will not convey the real tone of these poems, though their drift is not hard to define. We have had smoking attacks on the civilization before, ironic or murderous or suicidal. We have *not* had this particular variety of anguished anathema-hurling in which the poet's revulsion is expressed with the single-minded frenzy of a raving madwoman.

Ginsberg hurls, not only curses, but *everything*—his own paranoid memories of a confused, squalid, humiliating existence in the "underground" of American life and culture, mock political and sexual "confessions" (together with the childishly aggressive vocabulary of obscenity which in this country is being increasingly substituted for anti-Semitism as the "socialism of fools"), literary allusions and echoes, and the folk-idiom of impatience and disgust. The "best minds" of his generation as Ginsberg, age 30, remembers them "howled on their knees in the subway and were dragged off the roof waving genitals and manuscripts." They "scribbled all night rocking and rolling over lofty incantations which in the yellow morning were stanzas of gibberish."

Would you inquire? discuss? rebuke? "I don't feel good don't bother me."

That is to say, this poetry is not "rational discourse," such as we find in almost all other American literature of dissidence. Nor is it that flaccid sort of negation, too easy and too glib, that so often reduces the charge in the writing of Patchen and others, though it does occasionally lapse into mere rant and scabrous exhibitionism. It is the fury of the soul-injured lover or child, and its dynamic lies in the way it spews up undigested the elementary need for freedom of sympathy, for generous exploration of thought, for the open response of man to man so long repressed by the smooth machinery of intellectual distortion. It is further evidence, the most telling yet, perhaps, of the Céline-ization of nonconformist attitudes in America, or should we say their Metesky-ization? Homogenize the dominant culture enough, destroy the channels of communication blandly enough, and you will have little Mad Bombers everywhere.

THOUGH his style is effectively, sometimes brilliantly, his own, Ginsberg shows the impact of such poets as Whitman, Williams and Fearing in his adaptations of cadence to rhetorical and colloquial rhythms; once in a while he falls entirely into the cadence and voice of one or another of these writers, on occasion—as in "A Supermarket in California"—deliberately. But he does break through as these poets, who are among the men who have most earnestly sought to be true native voices in their several ways, have prepared him to do. Is Ginsberg of the same calibre? Despite his many faults and despite the danger that he will screech himself mute any moment now, is he the real thing?

What we can say, I think, is that he has brought a terrible psychological reality to the surface with enough originality to blast American verse a hair's-breadth forward in the process. And he has sent up a rocket-flare to locate for his readers the particular inferno of his "lost battalion of platonic conversationalists jumping down the stoops off fire escapes off windowsills off Empire State out of the moon," all of them "yacketayacking screaming vomiting whispering facts and memories and anecdotes and eyeball kicks and shocks of hospital jails and wars."

And very simply, this is poetry of genuine suffering. The "early" pieces at the back of the little book have a heavy Yiddish melancholy—

> The weight of the world
> is love.
> Under the burden
> of solitude
> under the burden
> of dissatisfaction
>
> the weight
> the weight we carry
> is love.

The more recent poems, as Williams writes, present "our own country, our own fondest purlieus," as a "Golgotha," a "charnel house, similar in every way to that of the Jews in the past war." Seen from above the water, Ginsberg may be wrong; his writing may certainly have many false notes and postures. For the sake of self-respect and of hope let us take the position that this is all too destructive and therefore mistaken, and that a total assault may be even worse than mere acquiescence. But that is all beside the point. The agony, in any case, is real; so are the threats for the future that it signals.

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SIRVENTE

From the Provençal of Bertran de Born, twelfth-century troubador and warrior whom Dante, writes Ezra Pound, put in Hell "for that he was a stirrer up of strife." Papiols is his jongleur (minstrel). Pound's "Sestina: Altaforte" is in the main adapted from the same poem.

Be.m platz lo gais temps de pascor

Spring is a juice, a rejoicing, forcing
leaves out, flowers up.
I like the noise of birds who make their
singing ring among the woods,
and see tents
on the meadows raised,
and pavilions raised,
and a very hellish delight to see
armored horses and armed knights ranging
down the field.
And on the roads I have delight to see
the rabble and their goods in flight
pressed by skirmishes, and behind
outriders,
the army crowding in.
And it pleases me in my heart to see
strong castles at siege,
ramparts broke and riven, and
an army on the fosse-brink, gudgeoned
in
between the palisade and a ditch,
with the stakes close-set.

And I love beyond all measure, that
lord who horsed, armed and beyond fear is
forehead and spearhead in the attack, and there
emboldens his men with exploits. When
stour proches and comes to quarters
may each man pay his quit-rent firmly,
follow his lord with joy, willingly,
for no man's proved his worth a stiver until
many the blows
he's taken and given.
Maces smashing painted helms,
glaive-strokes descending, bucklers riven:
this to be seen at stour's starting!
And many valorous vassals pierced and piercing
striking together!
And nickering, wandering lost, through
the battle's thick,
blood outbrast at the broken harness,
horses of deadmen and wounded.

And having once sallied into the stour
no boy with a brassard may think of aught, but
the swapping of heads, the hacking of arms,
for here, a man is worth more dead
than shott-free and caught.

I tell you I have no such savour of eating
soft food and sleeping, and tasting hot wines,
as hearing the cries from each side coming,
"AT THEM!"
and see
waiting under the trees
horses whicker and strain,
to hear the shout
"A rescue! TO A-I-I-D!"
and see fall in the fosse and on the green earth
the mighty and mean, and

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see in the flanks of the fallen the broken
butt-end of lances, their banners flaming!

Pawn your castles, lords,
pawn your towns and cities.
Before you're beat to the draw
unsheath those swords!

Papiols, rejoice and go
with all haste to Oc-e-No
and say to him we've got too much
damned peace down here.

PAUL BLACKBURN

Truth, Fate and the Historians

DEBATES WITH HISTORIANS. By Pieter Geyl. Philosophical Library. $7.50.

HISTORICAL INEVITABILITY. By Isaiah Berlin. Oxford University Press. $2.

Abraham Edel

In recent times historians have shown themselves increasingly self-conscious about their craft and what it is up to. Witness the repeated inquiries: Is history really "scientific?" Is it "objective?" Or is it an art, and its product a touched-up portrait of an epoch, a glamorized version of a hero or villain? Is its aim to yield scientific "laws" of man's movement through time, or moral judgments oriented to the future? Is the historian, in Santayana's phrase, like a man looking over a crowd to recognize his friends? The tone of this increasingly voluminous self-criticism is one of bewilderment, often even of pessimism. This may be a reaction to the over-free imaginative syntheses of a Spengler or a Toynbee, or simply part of the current revolt against the influence of science in human affairs. In any case, just at the moment when history is being made in the sense that the world is undergoing a vast upheaval, there seems to be something approximating a failure of nerve among historians and theorists about history. They have no hope of guiding men and are suspicious of those who try.

This phenomenon appears in two influential recent works, one by a historian, the other by a philosopher. Pieter Geyl's *Debates With Historians* (Philosophical Library) shows us a critical historical spirit probing the theoretical assumptions of fellow-craftsmen, rejecting any hope of definitive history, reaching a negative outcome just when one would expect a constructive conclusion. Isaiah Berlin's *Historical Inevitability* (Oxford University Press) launches an all-out assault on the notion of determinism in history; but it is not a philosophical advance which undercuts or refines or develops the problem so much as a definite retreat from beginning to end with no sign where to call a halt.

GEYL is a master in the art of probing for presuppositions. He exposes in order to understand, appreciate, evaluate, only occasionally to scorn. "In every historical account," he warns us, "truth is served up to us with the admixture of a personal element." Every historian selects and adds himself to his materials. What this adding process consists in, how it is tracked down, how a value perspective permeates selection, Geyl shows us in a series of case studies. But does he believe that what has been added can thereafter be subtracted to leave an objective residue? That he never quite faces.

Each of Geyl's debates scores its theoretical point and adds its warning to the historian. He begins with Ranke, the great nineteenth century German historian who aimed merely to describe "what had really happened." Geyl reveals that Ranke's objectivity is really a passive reverence for the historical spectacle on a conservative assumption that God is discernible in the whole of history. Macaulay, on the other hand, wants to know in order to judge; and Geyl shows how this historical confidence comes from a belief in progress culminating in his own time. Michelet, caught up in the conception of a people shaping its own history, writes the story of the French Revolution as if it were the account of Rousseau's General Will in action. Treatments of the French Revolution subsequent to Michelet's are held up for their value contrast. (For example, of Taine: "Hatred runs through his book like a poison, hatred for the proletariat, the monster, which had shown its true face once more in 1871.") Toynbee is found so centered in the idea of Christianity that the last few centuries of European history mean nothing to him but the irremediable decay of faith. Geyl's four essays on Toynbee are impressive for their detailed dissection and analysis; his verdict is a stern one, finding the system useless chiefly because Toynbee is deceiving himself into thinking it is empirical study. And so on, through individual studies of other historians, and the comparison of opposing views on a number of special topics.

But how is all this to be interpreted? Because Ranke's pseudo-objectivity presupposes a conservative historicism, is *any* search for objectivity exposed as self-deceiving? Does the arbitrariness of Macaulay's standard of progress mean that *every* standard will be arbitrary? It is important to underscore Geyl's ambivalence because it is so typical of much sensitive reflection about historical method. Geyl would like historians to have both a feeling for relativity and a feeling for reality, and on top of this he wants the sharp distinction between right and wrong. On what terms can he have all these?

Sometimes Geyl's relativism is dominant to the extent of becoming ultimate. He is even ready at one point in his debate with Toynbee to write off their fundamental difference about European history with the remark, "Both are matters of subjective conviction." He declares it will always be beyond the powers

ABRAHAM EDEL is the author of The Theory and Practice of Philosophy *and* Ethical Judgment: The Use of Science in Ethics.

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of the intellect to judge a civilization or a particular stage as a whole.

On the other side stand the results of his analysis. He does pass judgment, dig out factors that lead astray, push aside loose methods that substitute the a priori or the subjective for the empirical. He recognizes that sometimes a "recollection of the way in which things actually come to pass" is enough to brush fallacies aside "as so many cobwebs." He does believe that history makes us wiser though not providing immediately applicable lessons, and he rejects the point of view that any perspective is as good as any other. For example, his evaluation of the various ways in which Carlyle has been treated by other writers is an excellent case study on how to discount discovered biasses that influence contrasting accounts and how to reach a balanced view.

GEYL seems to leave the historian who would seriously apply the lessons of his analysis in a dilemma: "He should constantly watch himself, he should try to get away from his point of view, even though he must return and be faithful to it if he wants to produce something that will hang together." This is a wavering between treating relativity as ultimate and treating reality as ultimate. But these two ultimates always jostle each other; there is no room for both. The two demands can be reconciled only if relativity refers to present knowledge, and reality points to a direction of increasing knowledge. The historian can come to regard his own perspective as an hypothesis and remain as keen in looking for contradicting evidence as for supporting evidence. He may regard other perspectives as alternative hypotheses and do his best to look through their eyes, hoping that undiscerned biasses will be whittled down by subsequent writers, that methods and approaches and organizing concepts will be increasingly rendered explicit and stabilized.

And what of the desire for sharp ethical judgment? Is that, too, to be taken as a subjective desire in a particular partial perspective? Perhaps so, but it scarcely sounds like

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it when Geyl refers in Michelet to "that impotence of the judgment in the face of emotion and sentiment, that muddled mixture of the two, that sentimentality, those specious pleadings in order to talk wrong into right." Perhaps the only way out of Geyl's dilemma here would be to modify his relativity and allow that historical knowledge can help achieve *some* ethical generalizations, and can, in spite of the difference in the value perspectives of historians, help warrant *some* elements in the conception of a good historian!

BERLIN'S central concern is to rescue individual responsibility from the interpretations of history that have menaced it. He is speaking in the name of men's "normal moral or political convictions" against a devastating relativism and an impersonal determinism. The major attack is, as the title of the book indicates, against the latter. It does not matter what form it takes. It may be a determinism of ultimate purposes working their metaphysical way through history, or a mechanism of inexorable scientific law. Whatever the form of appeal, if it removes responsibility from men, if it leads the historian to refrain from moral judgment on the actions of historical figures—if to blame Hitler is like addressing a sermon to a tree—it is a destructive fallacy.

Berlin does not say that determinism is false, "only that we neither speak nor think as if it could be true, and that it is difficult, and perhaps impossible, to conceive what our picture of the world would be if we seriously believed it." "If social and psychological determinism were established as an accepted truth," he says in a climactic denunciation, "our world would be transformed far more radically than was the teleological world of the classical and middle ages by the triumphs of mechanistic principles or those of natural selection. Our words—our modes of speech and thought—would be transformed in literally unimaginable ways; the notions of choice, of voluntary action, of responsibility, freedom, are so deeply embedded in our outlook, that our new life, as creatures in a world genuinely lacking these concepts, can, I should maintain, literally not be conceived by us." And so with the vehemence of an ancient prophet we are called back from the folly of determinism to the intellectual status quo.

The historical vicissitudes of the determinist concept would be a story in themselves. In the beginning, of course, there was the plan of the gods—whether Homeric or Hebraic—working out in the lives of men. The strength of the notion in modern times, as Berlin recognizes, comes from science. However, Berlin does not come to grips with the way the notion of determinism itself and its human implications have been changing with the progress of the sciences. When the eighteenth century philosophers viewed man as a machine, they felt free of original sin and capable of reconstructing society. For a time in the nineteenth century and later, man's thinking was considered simply an effervescent effect of bodily processes with no significance or force. The Darwinian revolution gave many a sense of being submerged in animality, while Marxian theory gave others a sense of being overshadowed by historical trends; whereas Freudian theory pushed into prominence the inner mechanisms below the level of awareness.

But it is equally true that evolutionary determinisms often saw the progress of human values and achievement. Marxian theory stressed the growing stature of human planning, and Freudian theory was associated with a therapy that hoped to broaden the area of the ego. And on the physical side, twentieth century concern with electrical energies restored respect for the power of minute energy changes; so that even an extreme cybernetic theory of man, sounding in its talk of thinking-machines like a revived eighteenth century materialism, cannot avoid respect for consciousness as an active phenomenon.

It is true that as science advances, the incorporation of man into the order of nature threatens to be completed, and this naturally precipitates a crisis. Need arises for reconsideration of traditional conceptions and refinement of linguistic usage; this happens in every sizable advance in human knowledge. The problems are far from solved, and Berlin's emphasis on the need for maintaining responsibility points to one of the very central issues. But it will not do to come to grips with the issues in a kind of wholesale fashion. If the analytic revolution of the past decades has taught us anything, it is that the questions have to be reconsidered and reformulated rather than argued in the old terms. Berlin deals out the cards with charm, but he plays the old game with the old deck.

The meaning of science, of inevitability, of determinism, as well as of freedom and responsibility requires re-analysis. It is futile to debate whether history can be a science without referring to an explicit concept of science. Science is now more often seen in varied lights. It is a vast enterprise with a critical

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method, aiming at the discovery of whatever order it can find. It is not bound to the specific form of a rigid universal law, if such there be.

Similarly, the concept of a complete or thorough-going determinism has undergone all sorts of differentiation. For example, philosophers who want to take seriously the occurrence of novel qualities in the world and to recognize the emergence in evolution of forms that are unpredictable need not surrender the determinism concept. It may be refined as a general principle specifying that causes or laws can always be found for any given phenomenon *after* it has occurred for the first time, not necessarily asserting that it was predictable in advance. This would stress the open nature of the changing world. Now men may very well have an exposed position on this world frontier, and a concept of freedom and responsibility is quite conceivable which would show the momentousness of choice within the historical process.

Berlin has not come to grips with the theory of the self and its place in nature and the possibilities of other interpretations of responsibility. Thus there is a danger that instead of clearing the ground for a more critical advance of the knowledge of man, with more refined attention to the phenomena of assessing responsibility, his approach serves to throw eloquent fuel on the fires of an irrationalism that regards every theoretical crisis as an occasion for calling us back to the good old days.

The present impasse of historical theory confronts historians not merely with practical problems of specialization versus broad vista, but with fundamental philosophical decisions.

To reject simplified versions of the concepts of objectivity and determinism is one thing. But to revolt against the concepts as such is to deny history a more systematic and conscious affiliation with the growing body of scientific knowledge of man. And this is not merely to impoverish history, but to impoverish the sciences of man by depriving them of the historical arena in which their theories may be tested, refined and developed.

The American Novel in the Age of Conformity

Lewis Dabney

FEW WILL dispute the proposition that today in America, in the age of technology and other-direction, creative literature is undergoing a prolonged crisis, in the form of a partial loss of audience and a general weakening of public relevance. It is not just poetry that suffers; the serious novel goes unread as well. The fatalistic explanation is obvious enough: the novel has lost its function as a source of entertainment and education to television, the movies and the books on how to succeed. This may be the ultimate historical answer. The critic however, must go beyond clichés and inquire into the condition of the novel itself, on the chance that it has developed its own limitations, which may possibly be remedied. The middlebrow critics claim that our novels are "unhealthy," therefore the public will not read them; but this is not borne out by the popularity of their favorite targets, books like *From Here To Eternity* and *The Naked and The Dead*. The public evidently does not shrink from bitterness and what is called "negation" if the novel's subject is a cogent one. A novel will be read if it speaks to our condition.

The last truly popular American novel which in critical opinion was also a novel of stature was Robert Penn Warren's *All the King's Men. All the King's Men* is a many-faceted book, a *bildungsroman* and a social novel; above all, however, it is a serious novel of moral and political ideas. In modern society, as Irving Howe once put it, ideas raise enormous charges of emotion, they involve us in our most feverish commitments and lead us to our fearful betrayals; so that unless a novel is critically locked with the most pressing ideas of its time it can seldom cope with modern experience. Lacking an understanding of contemporary political and moral tensions, a novel is limited in relevence.

Since the publication of *All The King's Men,* except for a small group of "negative" war novels which seemed to announce a literary renaissance at the time, the serious novel in this country has been primarily a novel of the private sensibility—of loneliness, sexual unhappiness and failure of communication. In the work of McCullers, Vidal, Salinger, Bowles, Styron and Capote, the approach to the contemporary crisis is indirect, through a narrow subject matter and a parochial view. Richness of texture compensates in their novels for lack of interest in public questions. The revolt of these writers against the age of conformity is at heart an aesthetic one, rooted in a commitment to stylistic intensity

LEWIS DABNEY is teaching in New York and doing graduate work at Columbia University.

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THE WALLS CAME TUMBLING DOWN

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and purity and to the claims of the emotional life, but lacking intellectual dimension and perspective. Serious fiction of limited significance, appealing primarily to coteries, abandons the novel of general interest to the Herman Wouks and Sloan Wilsons.

Behind the scarcity of serious novels of ideas lies a decrease in basic controversy, a blurring of the conflict of radical and conservative during the last decade. American intellectuals as a whole seem wary of deep and passionate commitment, the sort of involvement of the emotions which a novelist can dramatize. This is to be expected of the self-proclaimed conservatives, who rationalize the status quo under the banner of Original Sin. Surprisingly enough, it is also true of the academic liberals, who have been unable to crystallize their opposition to the conformist atmosphere. The liberal has lost his targets, he is no longer fired by his moral convictions; his paralysis in the face of the tabloids and the tranquillizers and what they say about American life fits in with the conservative's disposition to ignore them. Today the liberal's official spokesmen are apostles of manners and sophistication, of an end to innocence and radical excess, of the good taste which makes a separate peace respectable. The novel of ideas cannot exist in such a context. Even when the novelist himself is a conservative, as for example Dostoevski was, or Conrad, or Mann, the vital impulse in his novels is a corrosive and radically critical one, which constantly subverts the order he himself sets up to control it. In this sense the privatization of the novel and its resulting loss of audience are in large part effects of the weakening in America of the radical tradition.

IF THE public relevance of the novel has been lost with the loss of its intellectual and critical dimension, it is unlikely that it will be regained except as part of a larger process, the end of the age of conformity and the vitalization of American culture. There are, however, among recent novels, exceptions to the retreat from the contemporary and the controversial; a few books have been published over the last ten years which indicate a dissenting tradition. It is not a tradition of very much depth, nor has it produced a novel like *All The King's Men*, but it offers future writers something to build on. This tradition begins with the disillusioned novels of World War II, though its roots are in the fiction of the first world war and the thirties. The novels of the second world war were moral and political in implication, involving as they did a protest against war ideology and suffering. *The Naked and The Dead*, *From Here to Eternity*, and Vance Bourjaily's *The End of My Life*, the most bitter army novels and among the best, were all three written from a radical perspective. *The Naked and The Dead*, which attempts to crystallize the evils of war within a philosophical framework, is representative of those novels in its strengths and limitations. Its strengths are those of emotional integrity, the brutal integrity of Mailer's description of the horrors of war, his vision of the military ideology. Its limitation is the nihilism imposed on the meaning of the novel by the army scene itself. In our society the problem of integrity is more complex than this image of life-in-the-army allows.

In short, the novelists of World War II developed a moral and political credo limited by their subject matter. Their books were read because they were faithful to the experience of a generation, but their radicalism had little impact on the views of readers; it did not succeed in breaking down the post-war hysteria or challenging the increasing pressure to conform. When, as the cold-war pressure increased, most of the novelists abandoned ideology in favor of the private sensibility, it was left to a few dissenting critics to speak for a literature of moral cogency. Though their work is not equal in quality and they approach the subject from different directions, Lawrence Lipton, John W. Aldridge, Albert Guerard and Irving Howe deserve the gratitude of all those committed to the idea of a novel which speaks for our time. Mr. Lipton, who is the most optimistic, seems to make a virtue of necessity, suggesting that the alienation of the serious writer will help him tell the truth about American life, the life that exists "behind the billboards." Mr. Aldridge, on the other hand, compares the situation of the would-be dissenting novelists unfavorably with that of the writers of the twenties and thirties; our generation, he says, has nothing to rebel against, so its protest loses its coherence and meaning. Mr. Howe proposes a coherent dissent from capitalism and the conformist values it enforces. He and Mr. Guerard agree that the great novelist is "naturally subversive" of slogans and easy affirmations. His job, Mr. Howe suggests, is to explore the relation between theory and life, ideology and emotion. His method in the age of conformity, according to Mr. Guerard, should be to abandon a limited documentary realism for a stylized, symbolically accurate vision of America.

The views of these dissenting critics may suffer from the shrillness

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of intellectual isolation, but their work has not been futile. It has confirmed for the novelists themselves the possibility of moral rebellion, and thus has reinforced their stature in a day when dissenting opinions are all too easily reduced to neuroses.

The alternative which these critics have offered to the quietism of most American intellectuals makes possible a creative relationship between themselves and the serious writers. There is evidence that this relationship may have begun to have effect; the fiction of the last few years has shown a more mature awareness of the problem of integrity in our society as a whole. Books like *The Man With the Golden Arm* and *The Adventures of Augie March* have confirmed the varied possibilities of a literary dissent from conformist values. One of these novels is classic naturalism, the other a modern version of the picaresque, yet both register a sharp dissatisfaction with current American society without offending the sense of reality and thus excluding the reader from their meaning. Neither Algren nor Bellow has attacked the moral and political problems posed by the age of conformity head on. But Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* and Vance Bourjaily's *The Hound of Earth* do just this; without themselves having completely solved the problem of involving the reader, they suggest in their striking similarities a new school of articulate dissenting fiction.

The central theme of these two novels is that of the outsider standing against society, isolated and driven into hiding. The setting of both novels is a nightmare vision of conformist America—in Ellison's case an America twisted by racial hatred, where the Negro is caught between Uncle Tom and communism; in Bourjaily's the America of puritan smut and the F. B. I., the commercialized Christmas spirit and the H-bomb. The heroes are defeated idealists who have maintained their integrity by cutting themselves off from society. The despair expressed in these books seems just as absolute as the despair of the World War II novels; but there has been a crucial change, a symbolic extension of the meaning of the hero's suffering. In the war books he suffered for himself; now it is for mankind as well. The heroes of these novels have rejected a part in society and chosen the anonymity of conscience, one because of the plight of the Negro, the other because of the atom bomb. Dissent and negation become for them the vehicle of moral affirmation, though the heroes themselves are conscious only of guilt and bitterness. *Invisible Man* and *The Hound of Earth* are morally engaged; rooted in the protest of the war novels and the rebellion of the critics, they are novels of coherent dissent stated in symbolic terms.

THE tradition of the radical novel offers, in contrast to the novel of the private sensibility, an opportunity for our literature to recover its intellectual and moral relevance. But the dissenting novel is not without its limitations, both aesthetic and conceptual, which must be overcome before serious fiction can regain its readers and its stature in our culture. If the novel of the private sensibility sacrifices the public to the personal, *Invisible Man* and *The Hound of Earth* do the reverse. Because of the isolation of the hero, dramatic relationships in these novels are cut to a minimum; the hero's values are moral and metaphysical rather than personal and social. His life is infinitely removed from that of most readers, hence its emotional impact is lessened. The hero's absolute break with society has already been accomplished when each of the novels opens; thus the problem of decision is evaded. The limitations of these books seem to proceed from the central weakness that they do not fully explore their subject, the problem of how to live with integrity in contemporary American society. The authors "solve" this problem definitely enough, in favor of an absolute nonconformity. But this solution is aesthetically as limiting as it is unworkable in human terms.

The novel of ideas in America must build on the tradition these books exemplify but it must not imitate their narrowness, if the serious novel is to regain its audience. It is not that the writer cannot set the individual and society at odds; it is simply that his separation must never be absolute or final. He must know how to challenge radical impulse with responsible perspective, the claims of the idea with the claims of being human.

A History

She sat red distances away
That night, fled lamplight and my eyes
For wind in rolling elm and rain.
While thunder muttered in the bay

She smoked her dream and drank the wine.
My words were Bantu barrel code
In her storm's hairy purposing.
I heard familiar, muscled wings.

At last she rose and flung a scarf
Around her throat, wordless, went.
She stayed away three brackish hours
Where sea-wed sailors haunted bars

When she returned she sang my songs
And spoke of a timeless lotus land
And, sleepily, played with my hair
And kissed my trembling hands.

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Mr. Eliot Regrets . . .

Oscar Cargill

BY RAILING at "our sympathy for the underdog" during the great depression Robert Frost did himself a permanent harm, and all of Ernest Hemingway's sportsmanship is called into question by his having twitted Sinclair Lewis on his fiery complexion when the man was dying of skin-cancer. Yet with an immunity unequalled, perhaps, in any time or place, Mr. T. S. Eliot has abused and insulted whole peoples and races. Indeed, the general critical evasion of his early bigotry raises the question if his numerous adulators have not, consciously or unconsciously, shared in it. That question is seriously pointed up when Eliot himself, though he has suffered no real public reproof, flinches from approval of things in his early poetry which have begun to fill him with distaste, if not contrition.

Unfortunately the passage in which the poet braces himself against the silly adulation he has received has been more completely ignored, even, than his early offenses. In "Little Gidding," in the role of a fire warden during a bombing raid, which makes his spot in wartime England resemble the purgatory of Dante, he meets a prophetic ghost, reminiscent of Arnaut Daniel, who describes the three-fold chastisement which will come to him with age. He will know the bafflement of dulling sense (always an important matter to Eliot), the futility of railing at folly, and, presumably the worst of punishments—

> . . . the shame
> Of motives late revealed, and the awareness
> Of things ill-done and done to others' harm
> Which once you took for exercise of virtue.
> Then fools' approval stings, and honour stains.

There is no difficulty at all with this passage if one assumes that it applies to Eliot's creative work, for in a comparatively inactive life there is little else that he has done to solicit anyone's judgment. As an "exercise of virtue" his church activities are not the ones here indicated since they could hardly have done others harm and since they are still an enduring commitment. If the reference to "things ill-done and done to others' harm" is looked for in the poetry, however, Eliot's meaning is abundantly clear: he refers to the abusive verses in which the most bestial and vulgar Irish, Jews and Cockneys are made symbolic of their kind.

The more difficult line to understand is the one in which Eliot refers to these offensive verses as once regarded as an "exercise of virtue." That difficulty may be dissipated if we will but consider the relations the poet had with the despised and reprobated people in his impressionable youth. If it were only humorous contempt that Eliot had expressed, the Keith circuit, and vaudeville generally, of which Eliot was fond, could be blamed for his attitudes; there the Irish, the Jew and the Cockney were commonly ridiculed, the actors themselves often being pandaring representatives of their kind, but still wonderfully good entertainers.

A Harvard man of the class of '10, however, had little reason to be amused by the Irish off the stage —a feud existed between the young toughs of Boston and the undergraduates of Cambridge which made it unwise for a college boy to venture across the Charles after dark unless he went with a band of his fellows and carried a stick. In Eliot's Harvard experience, therefore, there might have been grounds for dislike of some Irishmen, though certainly not grounds for a virulent hatred of the whole race.

But shortly an already-prejudiced Eliot was given stronger reasons for hating the Irish. He had transferred his person and his loyalties to England in a deeply emotional way. Eighteen months after he had established himself there and while the British were struggling for survival on the Continent against the superior weight of the Kaiser's divisions, the Irish Rebellion broke out, aided and abetted by some slight, but then exaggerated, German help. To a young Anglophile, contemplating the bloody Easter riots and later outrages, it was only the expression of virtuous indignation to repudiate Emerson's definition of history as "the lengthened shadow of a man" with the awful figure of Sweeney straddling in the morning sun. The motivation seems as obvious as the symbolism, and perhaps the unforgivable thing is not so much the writing of the pieces as the keeping of them alive in edition after edition.

It is almost axiomatic that a man who wins support for his prejudices intensifies and broadens their scope. The earliest Sweeney poem was published in 1918; "Burbank with a Baedeker: Bleistein with a Cigar," the first of the anti-Semitic poems, appeared in the summer of 1919; and the following year Eliot chose to lead off the British edition of his collected poems *Ara Vos Prec* with it and with "Gerontion"—which make the "jews" and international bankers responsible for the decline of Western culture. It is hard to say whether Eliot came directly to this Spenglerian idea or whether he was led to it by Ezra Pound, who became a more violent, if less vivid expounder of it. One is inclined to suspect Eliot as the initiator because of his better knowledge of German and his visit to that country, as well as because of his growth and employment in what is too commonly the atmosphere of prejudice—his father was a businessman in St. Louis, where the German Jew has for a long time been eminently successful, and Eliot himself had been unhappily employed in a London bank in which the Rothschilds had been hated for a century. But the direction is, after all, of relatively little moment; Pound and Eliot were sunk in a common depravity while achieving a common brilliance and a very wide reputation.

OSCAR CARGILL is chairman of the department of English at New York University.

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Disapprobation of the Cockney brought up the train in *The Waste Land* with its derisive portraits of Lil, her false friend Lou, Albert, Bill, Mrs. Porter and her daughter. Contempt of the vulgar always has the appearance of virtue, yet Eliot seems to display a gross appetite for it. If one's purpose were Freudian, one could make a pretty thesis out of the obvious attraction and repulsion to the poet of some of the sharpest details in the poems exhibiting his prejudices.

ABOUT 1920, when he was still engrossed in making capital out of those prejudices, Eliot became interested in religion. Poems like "A Cooking Egg" and "The Hippopotamus" had previously displayed a scarcely reverent approach to sacred matters. Possibly when Eliot chose to consider how much of a "traditionalist" he was, he had to take some account of that most traditional of all subjects, religion. At any rate, it is in "Whispers of Immortality," which contrasts the traditional attitude towards death of Dr. John Donne with the allurement of the flesh, as represented by Grishkin, that Eliot discovers how little energy his generation has "to keep our metaphysics warm." It is but a step, though a positive one, to what I take to be the theme of *The Waste Land*—that, since the true religion cannot be achieved in our time, it would be well to adopt the humanist code of "give, sympathize, and control."

"Gerontion" though published first, was written after *The Waste Land* was fully conceived. It differs religiously from the longer work in that it is a sectarian poem. But sectarianism, generally looked upon as divisive by the modern mind, is a sturdy crutch for those who, desiring faith, need help beyond themselves: it provides formulas and examples. So far as his poetry is concerned, the "Ariel Poems" and *Ash Wednesday* express the relief Eliot felt in reaching for this particular crutch.

Even in poems that may be designated sectarian there is a note of humility, painful self-abnegation,

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Philosopher, writer, teacher, Corliss Lamont in 1953 challenged the McCarthy Committee on jurisdictional and First Amendment grounds. (A U. S. Court of Appeals sustained his motion that the committee had no legal authority for its inquiry.) Dr. Lamont relates the episode in this book, which is also the first comprehensive account of a whole decade of attacks on individual and group freedoms since World War II. He scrutinizes loyalty-security measures, repressive legislation, assaults on freedom in education, business and the arts, and the role of the FBI. He makes a cogent plea for complete freedom of expression and civil liberties. Absorbing, informative.

FREEDOM IN CONTEMPORARY SOCIETY, by Samuel Eliot Morison. (Little, Brown & Co., 156 pgs., $3.50.)

Political freedom is, in the view of Samuel Eliot Morison, professor emeritus of history at Harvard, "the most important and inclusive" of our freedoms. And so he places it first in his presentation of the Dunning lectures at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario. But "economic freedom" is also a practical test of freedom and so he finds that if it survives in substantial measure in the second half of the twentieth century it will be owing largely to "our character and our wisdom" as much as to "any external or material influence such as war, technology and the exploitation of natural resources." He also presents academic freedom as a new arrival in the freedom ranks and as an appendix includes the famous Magna Carta of academic freedom, established by the Board of Regents of the University of Wisconsin.

THE FIFTH AMENDMENT TODAY, by Erwin N. Griswold. (Harvard University Press, 82 pgs., $2.)

It is a sad commentary on the state of public information about our historic liberties that the head of the Harvard University Law School should need to tell the citizen why he enjoys the Fifth Amendment's protection against forcing a person to give testimony against himself. Yet that is just what Dean Griswold does in this collection of three strong addresses which stand unhesitatingly for the constitutional guarantee against self-incrimination. This statement of the facts ought to convince all but unreconstructed McCarthyites.

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and self-scrutiny, which indicates the poet's concern with more than the formulas of religion. The personal examination suggested by *Ash Wednesday* must have led Eliot to the conclusion that bigotry is a very troublesome baggage for one seeking a more elevated spiritual ground. The first fruit of this discovery was the abandoning of work upon, and suppression of the unpublished parts of, *Sweeney Agonistes,* that "Aristophanic melodrama," which, despite its bias, is one of the most brilliantly conceived projects of the poetic renascence. We know that more of this play once existed than the two fragments which have been published, for the poet supplied Hallie Flanagan with a short concluding scene for her production of the sequence under the title, "Now I Know Love," in the Vassar Experimental Theatre in 1933. Since here is proof that the poet had the play outlined in his mind, that it has not been published or completed can only be a matter of deliberate choice. It would seem that the poet refused to carry further the maligning of a people however much the work would redound to his credit on another score.

BUT unfortunately this evidence is not conclusive, save to those who feel the sincerity of the poet's profession of Christian submission in *Ash Wednesday*. If one were hostile to Eliot, however, one might argue that the poet abandoned work on *Sweeney Agonistes* because he thought it inexpedient to complete it; by the thirties the popular temper had changed and Eliot might have feared the general indignation which has not come. As late as 1941 quite a case could have been strung together to support this point of view, But it would have had to be based on old and unrepudiated things, not on new creations.

"Little Gidding" was published in *The New English Weekly* on October 15, 1942, and appeared in book form early in December of that year. The passage cited in this essay, however it may be evaluated as an act of contrition, is at least an expression of regret for injury done to others and of distaste for whatever approval the offending lines and poems have been given. It must be accepted, however vague and indefinite, as a public confession of error. Under no obligation to accept it on the terms of the faith to which Mr. Eliot subscribes, we may evaluate it: (1) in terms of what it cost its author, (2) in relation to the context in which it appears, and (3) in terms of the justice which it does to those whom Eliot had injured. It should be strictly noted that Eliot himself indicates a desire for an evaluation by his contempt for "fools' approval"—which hits a good many living critics.

"Bow, stubborn knees," the King prays in *Hamlet* and one might fancy Eliot uttering the King's adjuration, for retraction has never been easy for him. Having condemned another poet early in his career, he does not say, "I was mistaken about him," but merely sets forth later another opinion.

Declaring in *The Sacred Wood* (1920) that Coleridge's metaphysical interest was "an affair of the emotions," Eliot dogmatically asserted, "But a literary critic should have no emotions except those immediately provoked by a work of art." However in the Preface to the *unrevised* 1928 edition, he says that his own interest is now in "the relation of poetry to the spiritual and social life of its times and other times," and adds "This book is logically and chronologically the beginning" of that interest—which most obviously it isn't. Retraction is almost impossible for Eliot; hence more weight should be put upon his lines of regret, perhaps, than upon the easy *mea culpa* of another.

The lines appear, importantly, in the most mystical and devout poem of that religious group which makes up *Four Quartets*. "Little Gidding" is devoted to the subject of Spiritual Love, here symbolized by fire—fire which may weave a purgatorial garment of flame. Hence the passage has not merely the character of an expression of regret but it also has the severe intention of high atonement. His medium considered, Eliot could not be more specific about his sins or more contrite in his confession of them. The tone and level of the composition forbid it. In their context, they are perfect.

But, the reader may fairly ask, is not the choice of context a deliberate evasion of the duty of specific and open public retraction? And one must answer reluctantly, yes. "Burbank with a Baedeker: Bleistein with a Cigar" and "Sweeney Erect" were unveiled affronts, specific in their language and vicious in their intent. Retraction of them should be in unmistakable terms, as categorical and complete as those of the original injury. Religion, and in particular Mr. Eliot's accepted faith, may not require this (I do not know and am indifferent), but the very code which Mr. Eliot invokes demands it. "Honour," now "stained," demands it.

Farmboy's Renaissance

THE NATURE OF LITERATURE. By Herbert Read. Horizon Press. $5.

THE ART OF SCULPTURE. By Herbert Read. Bollingen Series. Pantheon Books. $7.50.

THIS WAY, DELIGHT. Selected by Herbert Read. Pantheon Books. $3.50.

Gerald Sykes

ANYONE who has read *The Green Child* or *The Innocent Eye* is sure to be disposed in Sir Herbert Read's favor. The former is an excellent novel, genuinely strange and poetic, and the latter is a singularly appealing autobiography. It tells the story of a poor North of England farmboy who lost his father in his ninth year, was put into a Dickensian orphanage-school in 1904, went early to work in a bank, managed to get an education at a provincial university, fought bravely in World War I, won a good government job which he later sacrificed for a poorer one in a museum, so that he might have more time to write. It is an upstream story, told without dramatization, and it has led to one of the truly admirable careers of our time, a Renaissance all-roundness. This man has written ably about art, politics, science, education and industry; he has

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also written fiction and poetry. He has been an important editor and publisher and lecturer, and he has brought up a family. He must be a stimulating father; in *This Way, Delight,* his anthology of "poetry for the young," appears a likable poem by one of his own children.

THE essays in *The Nature of Literature* have been taken from earlier volumes that were published at least twenty years ago, and they show Read at his best. They deal with "the nature of poetry" and "the nature of criticism," as well as Froissart, Malory, Descartes, Swift, Vauvenargues, Smollett, Sterne, Hawthorne, the Brontës, Bagehot, Patmore, Hopkins and Henry James. He is one of the few literary critics to have made a systematic study of the modern psychologists and to use Freud, Jung, Adler and others intelligently in analysis of poetry and fiction. It might be said that they were as important in his development as Marx was in Edmund Wilson's, though he too has given much time to socialist thought. This, however, is a pattern with which we have been made accustomed in recent years by the careers of several other critics. Read's distinction lies in using the psychologists more impartially than, say, Lionel Trilling, who seems to be committed to the Freudian school alone. In fact, the chief impression that emerges from Read's book is a readiness to be influenced from all directions, to quote the best writers on whatever subject he discusses. His essays are full of first-rate quotations, and not only from psychologists but from almost every source. He seems to be primarily interested in collecting insights, with especial emphasis on those of others, so that when he relinquishes a subject the reader as well as himself feel that it has really been "treated."

This gives solidity to his work, and comparative freedom from bias. It could also lead to academism, if his point of view were not a steadfast and resourceful championship of the modern and heretical as opposed to their opposites. In time perhaps, when his values are generally accepted—they already are in certain circles—his writing *will* become academic, because thoroughness does not wear as well as passion; but now he still has an unquestioned relevance for any serious reader. A poor boy's determined quest of culture (he has learned several languages *en route*), aided by a remarkably acute ear for authentic voices, has flowered splendidly; he is one of the outstanding æsthetic educators of our day, and his work shows a refreshing freedom from snobbishness.

In this country he is known chiefly as an art critic, rather than as a literary critic, even though he is considerably better as the latter. The level of thought and writing in *The Art of Sculpture* is not quite comparable to that in his literary essays. The reason may be that it was given originally as lectures and rehashed earlier writing on art. But I looked at some of his earlier writings on art, and have found some but not much of the keenness that I find in his studies of poets. Once again the quotations are superb, but the cement that holds them together sometimes crumbles rather fast. To take one example, in *The Art of Sculpture* he has laid his judgment—and usual freedom from bias—open to doubt by giving clear preference to the work of Henry Moore over the work of Brancusi. To an outsider it seems obvious that here, as often in his other art books, he has acted as a mere propagandist for British art, rather than as a serious critic. Moore is demonstrably second-hand; Brancusi is a real beginning. Still more important, the latter part of the book never quite brings off the definitive exploration of the art of sculpture that the early part explicitly promises. This is a shame, because the illustrations have a richness of texture that one encounters rarely today. It is a book one wants to like.

HOWEVER, the danger of all-roundness has always been occasional slip-ups of this nature, and not too much should be made of them. The ideal that Read has set himself is surely better than that of one-sided intensity, which today, with so many new avenues recently opened up in our world-city and so many ancient hiding places offering themselves, is certain (specialization having become as treacherous psychologically as it is still sound economically) to be neurotic. He has not "refined his peculiarities;" he has sought classic fulfillment. He has gone after it with a simplicity of faith that will be despised only by those who

Lyric

surely the slash of birds
across the eye
congested such mimicry
from the heart
that anywhere a quiver
slept
it dreamed of welts
of flight,
that I might let
the wings all go
bloodless into that remote
blue infancy
of the sky.

GIL ORLOVITZ

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have lost all hope of coming out on the alkaline side. If the farmboy has ended up a trifle too much the public man, if his thoroughness has not won through to intensity (as it did in Valéry's case), that is a human enough defeat. His goal of completeness is one that even the most one-track specialists can afford no longer to scorn, in a time when so many complex new demands are made on our energies that we must expand or expire.

GERALD SYKES, novelist and critic, is the author of The Nice American, The Center of the Stage *and* The Children of Light.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

GORE VIDAL's *A Visit to a Small Planet* is not fantasy exactly but bears a resemblance to science fiction as presented in television by clowns. It has a touch of satire and sophisticated joking. It is a grab-bag of materials from the whole range of popular entertainment—with no music but divers sound effects. It boasts the presence of that caricaturist of the American middle-class, Eddie Mayehoff, as well as the ubiquitous, genial and expert performer and director Cyril Ritchard—who plays a visitor from another planet who toys with, pokes fun at and admires the vagaries of the earth's inhabitants.

All this should be enough for anyone's money. Yet as I left the play—having laughed at several scenes with everyone else in the happy audience—I found myself slightly let down. I am very fond of comedy—high and low; Groucho Marx, Jimmy Durante, Ray Bolger, Bert Lahr are among my favorites. I suspect the reason for my reaction is that comedy to be infectious must emerge from a real personality or point of view, and *A Visit to a Small Planet* is chiefly a product of show business cleverness.

THE best thing in Barrault's *Volpone*—the second production of his Winter Garden season is Barrault's own performance in the comparatively small part of Corbaccio. Barrault, whose face is sad, sensitive, alert, is best in extreme characterizations in which mask-like makeup, physical mobility or deformity and vocal or elocutional eccentricity are combined to create a striking impression. The hawk-like, usurious, wheezing old puppet he plays in *Volpone* is high-class burlesque appropriate to the occasion.

Pierre Bertin who is excellent in French comedy—particularly in Molière—is a fairly conventional Volpone and Jules Dessailly, a handsome *jeune premier* with admirable speech, is a tame Mosca. The rest of the cast is routine.

I do not mean to be harsh to the Renaud-Barrault company. I enjoyed their *Fourberies de Scapin*—directed by Jouvet and designed by Christian Bérard; the company's production of Feydeau's farce *Occupe-toi-d'Amielie* was a treat. As the company's guide and director Barrault performed a notable service in the post-war theatre of France. He formed and maintained one of the few new permanent companies in Paris committed to the production of provocative plays in handsome style. He accepted plays by Camus, Ghélderode, Salacrou, Anouilh, Giraudoux, which were not run of the mill. He encouraged such painters as Balthus and André Masson to design sets. He induced Gide to dramatize Kafka and to translate *Hamlet*. He staged attractive revivals of Molière, Marivaux, etc. All this without subsidy.

Still Barrault's work in the classics is not as complete as the best of the Comédie Française and in modern plays it is less original, coherent or authoritative than were any of the true masters of the contemporary theatre from Reinhardt, Stanislavsky, Meyerhold, Copeau to Brecht. Barrault's aesthetic vision is not rooted in any deeply personal talent—except perhaps for his penchant for mime—and he is by no means a great actor.

In the present enfeebled state of the French theatre, Barrault remains far superior to the average. But he is more popular today outside France than at home because we are all hungry for something more elegantly traditional, less commonplace, than what we are ordinarily fed.

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LETTERS

Sophisticated Comment

Dear Sirs: In his article Sophistication in America, [issue of February 2], David Cort says, "Each [sophisticated magazine] has a fixed attitude, a formula, a style from which nothing in the magazine can vary." Just what is a fixed attitude in magazine journalism? It is—as I understand Mr. Cort—the quality of absolute predictability. It creates the sense of knowing what you're going to read before you open the pages of your favorite magazine. "What all the sophisticated magazines need," continues Mr. Cort, "is something unexpected, something not in the prospectus."

Too, too true. But how can Mr. Cort then accuse *Gentry* magazine of this same malignancy of the Fixed Attitude one short breath after he has observed that *Gentry* runs "almost anything one wouldn't normally come across" and only one brief pause after he has noted that, in terms of its emphasis on oddities, "*Gentry* is in constant danger of leaving the planet . . ."?

I am baffled by Mr. Cort's line, "A fixed attitude exposed to life does not know how to survive." How does this pertain to the modern American magazine? Isn't it clear by now that the fixed-attitude editors of the *New Yorker, Playboy, Esquire,* etc., etc., know a hell of a lot more about the complicated process of survival than the mentors of the late, loudly lamented *Collier's*—which never *did* find an attitude?

SIDNEY CARROLL
Editor, *Gentry*

New York City

Dear Sirs: The take-out on magazines is, I think, the best of the fine series by David Cort. It seemed to me and my colleagues (all in the field of journalism) to get right to the core of the *New Yorker* particularly.

I flipped over the description of one of those Del Pezzo, Red Devil or Amalfi lunches, munched and imbibed in stony silence. Too, too true. [The Italian names are tripe restaurants.—Ed.]

(NAME WITHHELD)

New York City

Dear Sirs: David Cort's article, Sophistication in America, was read by many of my friends, several of whom have called to discuss his views and a few to ask me what he meant by "... most sophisticated and most indifferent magazine of them all, *Town & Country,*" which I edit. All appear to accept "most sophisticated" but question "indifferent." For clarification, I wrote to David Cort. Here is his answer: "I suppose I meant indifferent in the dictionary sense of neutral, unpolarized: thus neither conformist nor nonconformist, apparently open-minded, anxious neither to be liked nor hated."

I certainly will be the last to deny that.

HENRY B. SELL

New York City

The Indeterminate Sentence

Dear Sirs: Relative to Derrick Sington's article, Redeeming the Murderer, in your issue of February 9, it should be stated that for the past twenty years such a program as he describes as operating at Utrecht, Holland, has been functioning with modifications at the prison-hospital at Herstedvester (Copenhagen), Denmark, under the able direction of Dr. Georg Stuürup, a noted psychiatrist. Both Holland and Denmark are fortunate in having legislation that permits "recidivists" or "psychopaths" or those who are no longer amenable to "punishment" in traditional penal establishments, to be certified for treatment in a psychiatrically-oriented establishment on an indeterminate basis. The experience in Denmark indicates that it is the *indeterminate aspect of the sentence,* quite as much as the psychiatrically-oriented type of treatment, that results in what success is recorded.

Sington points out quite correctly that per-capita costs in such an institution as he describes are high, yet well worth the expense. But the problem is more profound. It is simply impossible to turn out enough psychiatrists in this country to staff correctional institutions or, for that matter, to staff our mental hospitals. Private practice holds out more attractive lures for the trained psychiatrist who has spent many years and thousands of dollars on his training.

Modern penologists are convinced that it is the fixed or "time" sentence that frustrates what therapy is promising in our more progressive prisons. The professional staffs embracing social workers, guidance counsellors, clinical psychologists and chaplains could do much more if it were possible to "certify" recidivists and habitual criminals to an indeterminate sentence.

NEGLEY K. TEETERS
Professor of Criminology
Temple University

Philadelphia, Pa.

Letter from Vienna

(*Continued from inside cover*)

course, Communists are no more popular here than they are in America, especially since the Russian occupation. The old Grand Hotel is still a hollow ruin on the Ring, useless since the Russians abandoned it two years ago. Many of the once fashionable streets in the third district, which was in the Russian zone, now look like dreary slums. No wonder many Viennese are not too happy when young and skilled workers are carted off to America and Germany, while aging Communists are left here. But in this respect the Austrians themselves may be at fault for not inducing the most talented and skilled of the refugees to stay.

To absorb into the economy those refugees who must remain here is now the chief planning problem. At the moment the efforts to keep the refugees busy have had only minor success. It is demoralizing to lie in a two- or three-tier bunk bed in a camp with nothing to do. Since most Hungarians arrive in a state of shock, the lack of activity is the more serious. Local newspapers

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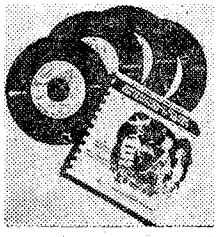

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carry columns of announcements for the benefit of job-seeking Hungarians; Austrians do their best to hire as many as possible, and efforts are now being made to start a modest handicrafts industry for them. But in the long run perhaps the greatest hope lies in the example set by the glass industry, which is run by Czechoslovakians.

Indeed, it may be that Austria's emergency, properly managed, can yet yield this country some recompense for its current troubles. If this country is to build up its army to a force of 30,000 men, how is the resulting deficit in the labor force to be met? The country lacks America's buffer of young people "warehoused" in colleges and universities for future use. Young people generally are scarcer than they are in America. As a matter of fact, a third of today's Austrians are over fifty years old, and the birthrate in Vienna (seven per thousand) is one of the lowest in the world. No wonder that some people see an agreeable side to the present influx of young people. For one thing, Austria has had to contend with a surplus of 200,000 women since the war.

IN THE meantime more Hungarians arrive and the daily tragedies at the border continue. Recently a man who had paid a guide to bring him and his daughter to the border was led to a Hungarian patrol instead. The two were robbed of their last possessions and the daughter shot. Although he no longer had any reason to leave Hungary, the father was forced to desert his daughter's corpse and was chased across the border into a country which had been all his hope an hour earlier. Many other refugees arrive in a state in which it is difficult to envy them their salvation. It is now quite normal for refugees to arrive with severe frostbite, the women having had to wade through waist-high snow drifts in stockings and low shoes. Those who are dragged along by friends or relatives are not always alive when they reach this side.

In the midst of all this, the border-smugglers and money-changers do a brisk business. Hungarian pork and poultry are traded for paprika, apparently in short supply in Hungary, and Hungarian forints are exchanged for Austrian shillings at very poor rates and then smuggled back to Budapest—mostly for profit, in some cases perhaps to buy more lives a way through gendarmerie and border patrols. All this is an exciting and absorbing drama, and to observers here an unbelievable saga of cruelty and fathomless inhumanity.

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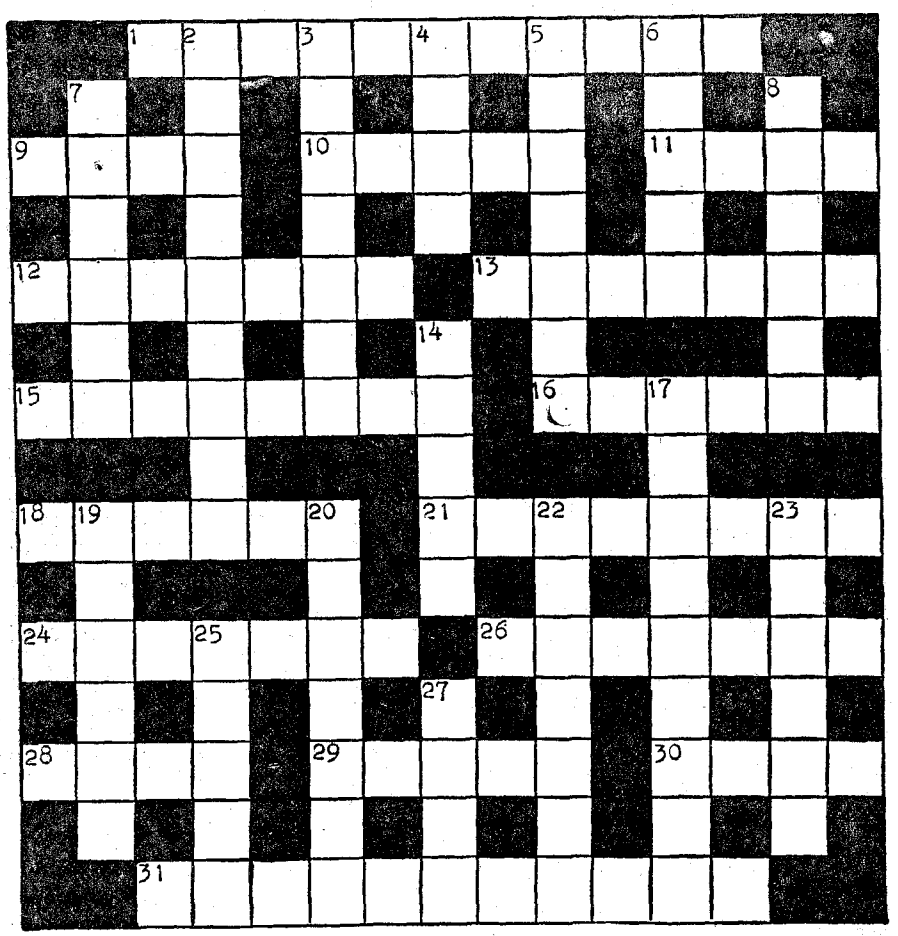
Crossword Puzzle No. 712

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Perhaps the Eiffel Tower, if you miss Paris. (5, 6)
9 See 10 across
10 and 9 This bird is a hard thing to talk with. (9)
11 Fits poorly, but fine results if you do. (4)
12 His attachment to a ship might be powerful. (7)
13 Obviously a Hudson boat wouldn't be full! (3, 4)
15 His is certainly the bounding main, but he doesn't disguise his malicious speech. (8)
16 Desire to live. (6)
18 and 28 across Keen and well, unfortunately. (10)
21 Looses an explosion of the sun about the wrong proportions. (8)
24 Offers a chance to snatch a suitcase. (7)
26 One wouldn't expect to find enmity a civil act. (7)
28 See 18 across
29 and 23 down This art photo is, I find, the ordinary white sort. (5, 6)
30 Obviously there's plenty of land for sale! (4)
31 What do they call a flower at a football game? Sh! (4, 3, 4)

DOWN:

2 Get up after going in the last rank to unify it. (9)
3 A bus wreck, with a member of the crew about to see the mate. (7)
4 Certainly not Down Under. (4)
5 Den-mother? (3-4)
6 You might keep some salt therein. (5)
7 Plans to convert starch, perhaps. (6)
8 Sounds like a car to spare! (6)
14 King John's Constance said grief is. (5)
17 His art certainly doesn't allow for much inspiration. (9)
19 Sort of an organism or a bee. (6)
20 Asks for a favor when the members are about to help, in a way. (7)
22 A broken home to scatter about, one way or another! (7)
23 See 29 across
25 Might sound as though you're responsible for the water! (5)
27 The noisy part of 1. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 711

ACROSS: 1 PROFFERS; 5 OWNS UP; 12, 11 AND 13 TO SHOW A CLEAN PAIR OF HEELS; 14 AND 28 LIGNUM VITAE; 15 DESPITE; 18 ORGANUM; 21 SUMMER; 24 SKIPPER; 26 OUTLAWS; 27 IMPATIENT; 29 ENTRAP; 30 TRISECTS. DOWN: 1 PIPITS; 2 ONRUSHING; 3 FESTOON; 4 RECLAIM; 6 WINCHES; 7 AND 10 ACROSS SPARE PARTS; 8 PERISHED; 9 BEHOLD; 16 INELASTIC; 17 SOLSTICE; 19 NAPHTHA; 20 MORSEL; 21 SPOTTER; 22 MOTIVES; 23 USHERS; 25 INPUT.

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DR. HANNAH STONE and Dr. Abraham Stone founded the first Marriage Consultation Center in America. Dr. Abraham Stone is now the Medical Director of the Marriage Consultation Center of the Community Church and of the Margaret Sanger Research Bureau.

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